

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 250—VOL. X.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

Be Careful to Open this Paper before Cutting It.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our friends, agents and advertisers are hereby informed that Dr. Augustus Rawlings is no longer connected in any way with FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. To correct a mistake which has obtained a wide circulation, we would state that only on three occasions has Dr. Rawlings been deputed as our Special Correspondent, his real position being that of Advertising Agent upon commission.

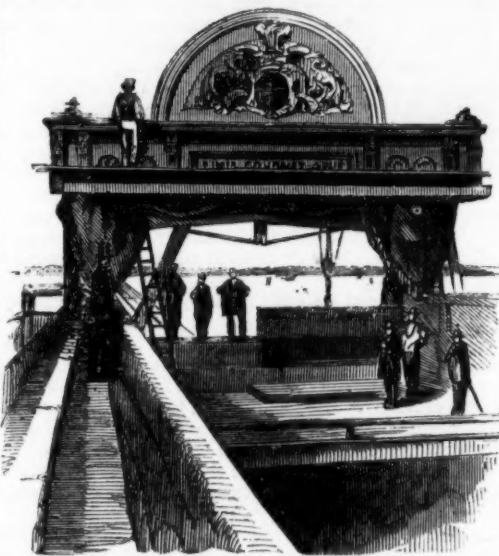
We make this statement with no desire to injure that gentleman, but simply to correct a misunderstanding which has caused considerable confusion. As there are several of the Rawlings family, we wish to state that no person bearing that name is in any way connected with this paper.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR IN AMERICA.

Editorial Correspondence.

MONTREAL, August 28th, 1860.

I CLOSED my last letter with a description of the levee held by the Prince of Wales at the Parliament House, Quebec. This brilliant affair ended, the Prince took advantage of the fine weather to visit the Falls of Montmorenci. On the line of route a



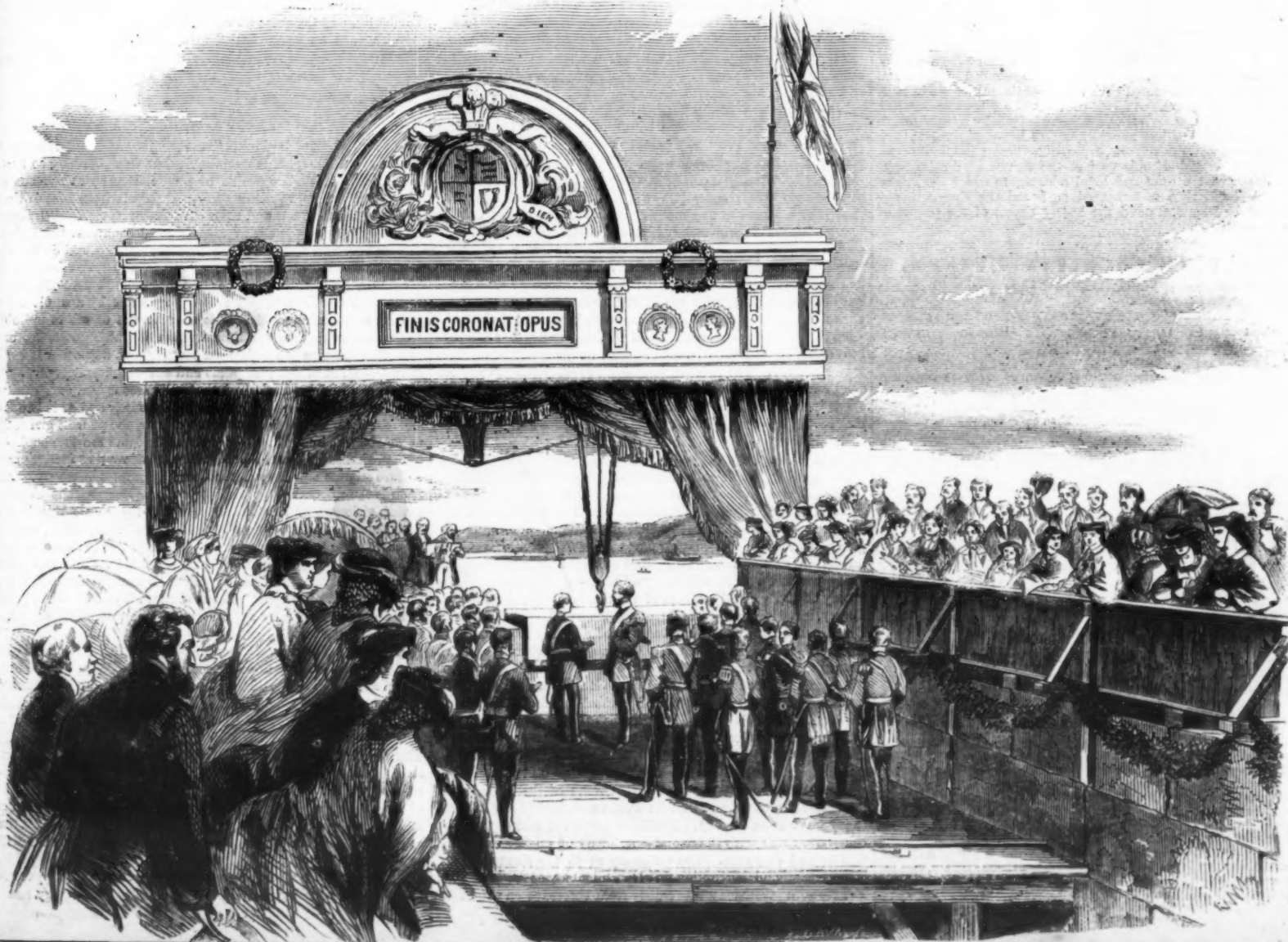
THE LAST STONE OF THE GREAT VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE OF CANADA, AS IT APPEARED PREVIOUS TO THE INAUGURATION.—PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

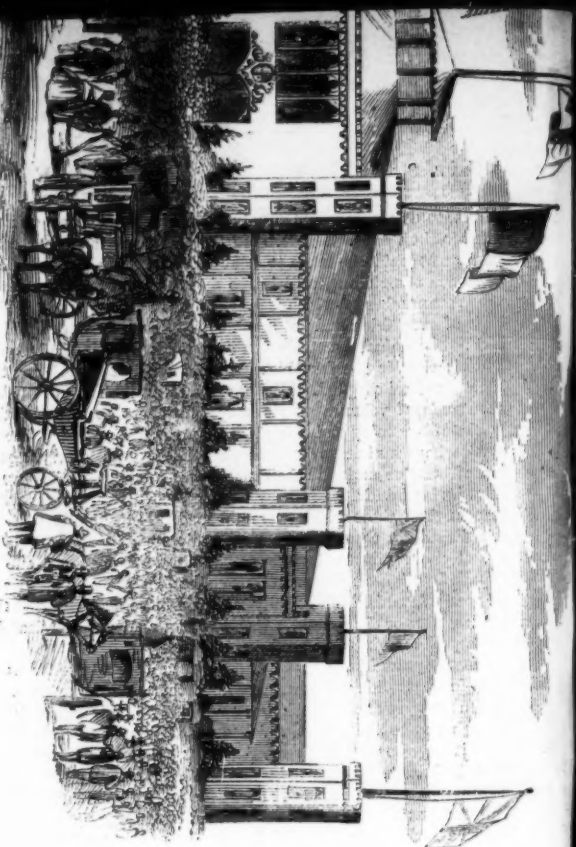
large number of beautiful arches with appropriate sentiments were erected, through which the Prince and suite passed, amidst the loud cheering of the assembled people. It is needless to say that the Prince was delighted with the Falls, for any one who could gaze unmoved upon the exquisite picture they present must be more or less than human. The Prince returned to his residence by seven P. M., and that evening held a state dinner.

The 22nd was an anxious, busy day in Quebec. The shops were crowded with ladies and gentlemen completing their purchases in anticipation of the grand balls to be given that evening. Never before were the streets so thronged, never before was so lively an excitement felt in the good city of Quebec. Three balls were to be given on that evening. One given to the Prince by the city, another by the citizens, and a third by the Orange Association. Each had its special class of visitors, and I doubt if any terpsichorean entertainments ever went off more to the satisfaction and delight of all concerned.

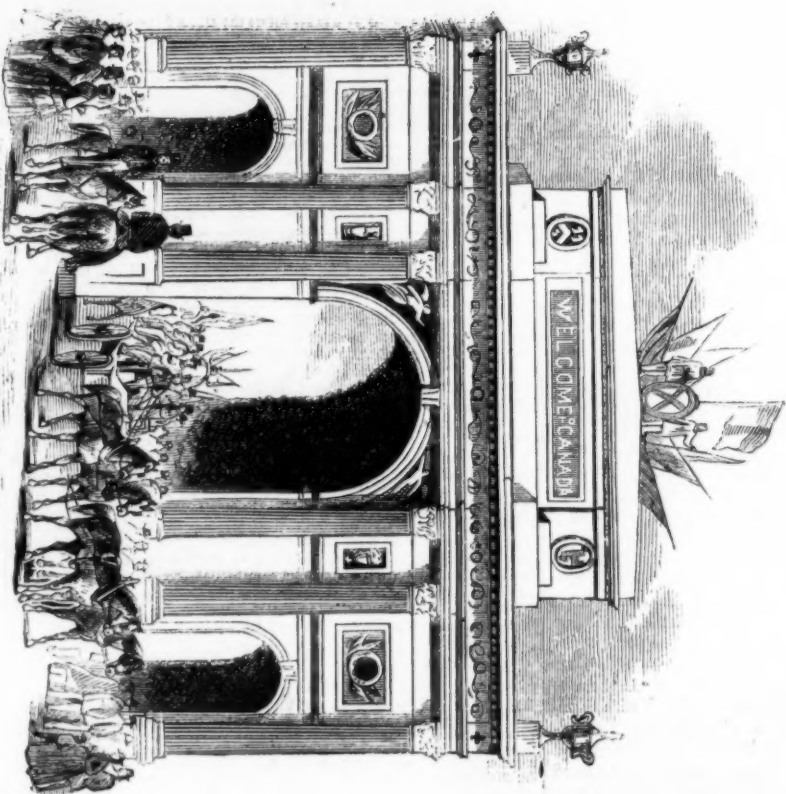
The ball to the Prince was a brilliant affair. He arrived with the Duke of Newcastle at ten o'clock, and his appearance caused a perceptible fluttering among the brilliant throng. The room was beautifully decorated and the music excellent. The Prince opened the ball with Madame Langevin and Mrs. Justice Curran *vis-à-vis*. The Prince wore his usual uniform. Miss Irvine, daughter of Colonel Irvine, was the Prince's second partner for a polka.

One of those laughable incidents which will occur in spite of all efforts to the contrary signalized the ball. After supper the Prince, while waltzing with Madame Cartier, the wife of the Canadian Premier, slipped and nearly dragged his fair partner

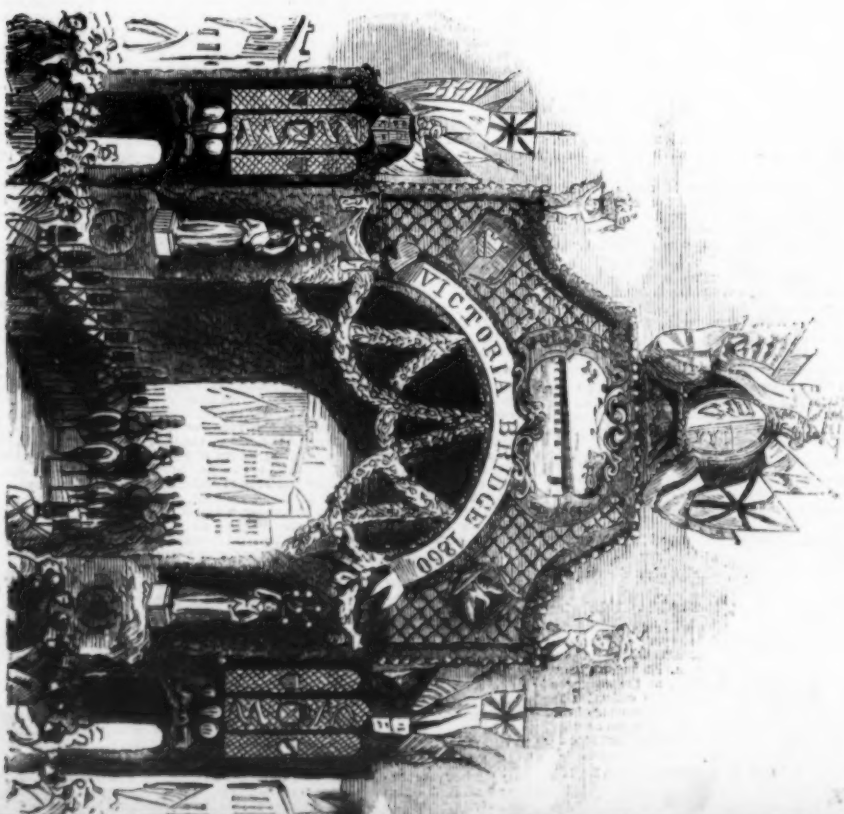
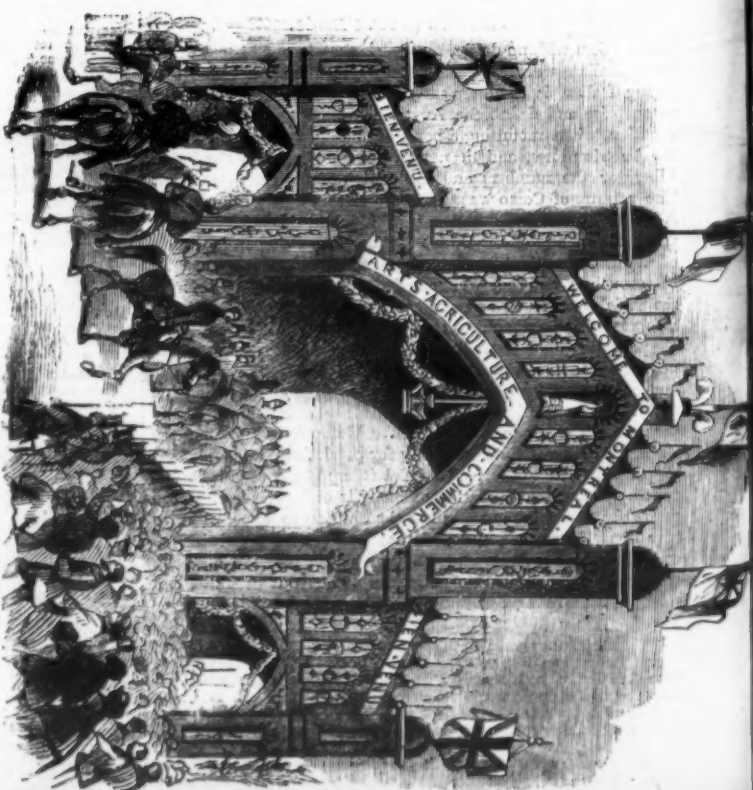


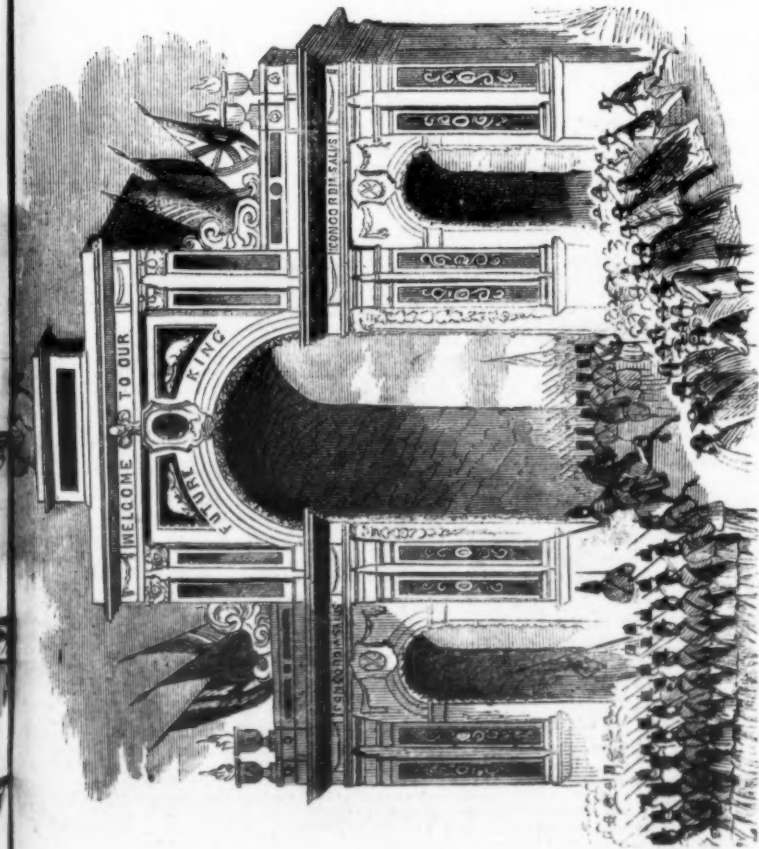


Kain, however, still with the reins coming pouring down, this plural welcome may be a delicate attention to the lack of the author, but to the significance of this mundane sphere it is a positive and unmistakable bore. On the morning of the anticipated reception everything was damp and sloppy—the assembled thousands wore long faces, and the general belief, which was afterwards confirmed, was that the Prince's landing would be postponed. The vessel bearing the Prince was signalled at 6 p.m. and the Prince's landing, accompanied by a flotilla of

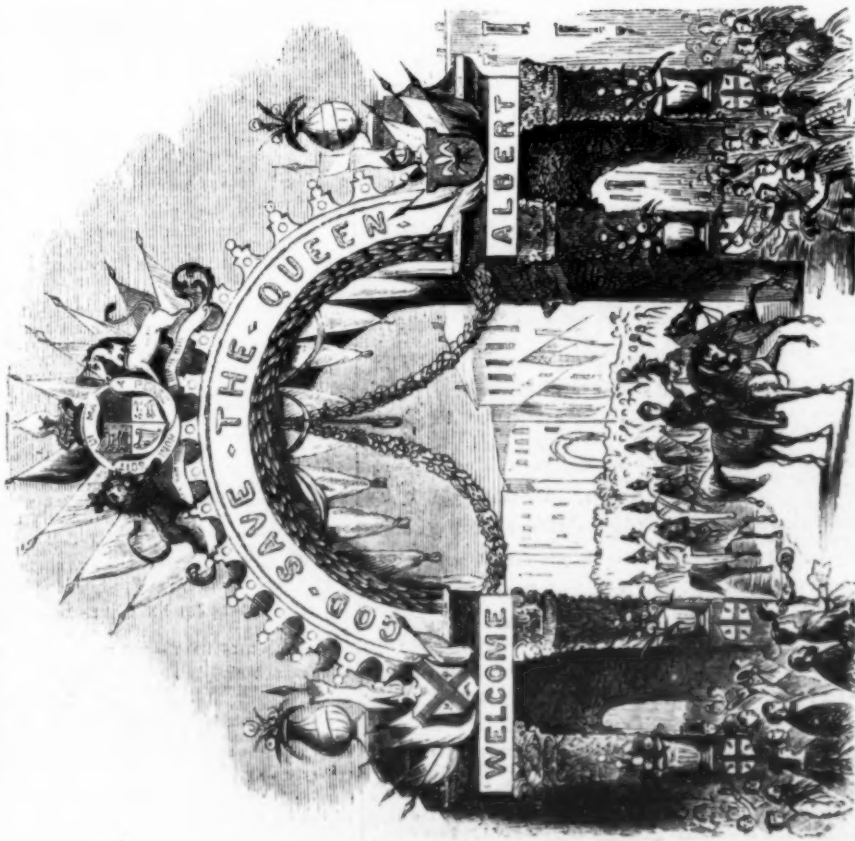


The Royal Standard
Grand Marshals.





TRIUMPHAL ARCHES ERECTED IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES - FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. M. N. S. OF MONTREAL. - ARCH ERECTED IN JACQUES CARPIS SQUARE, FACING THE RIVER.

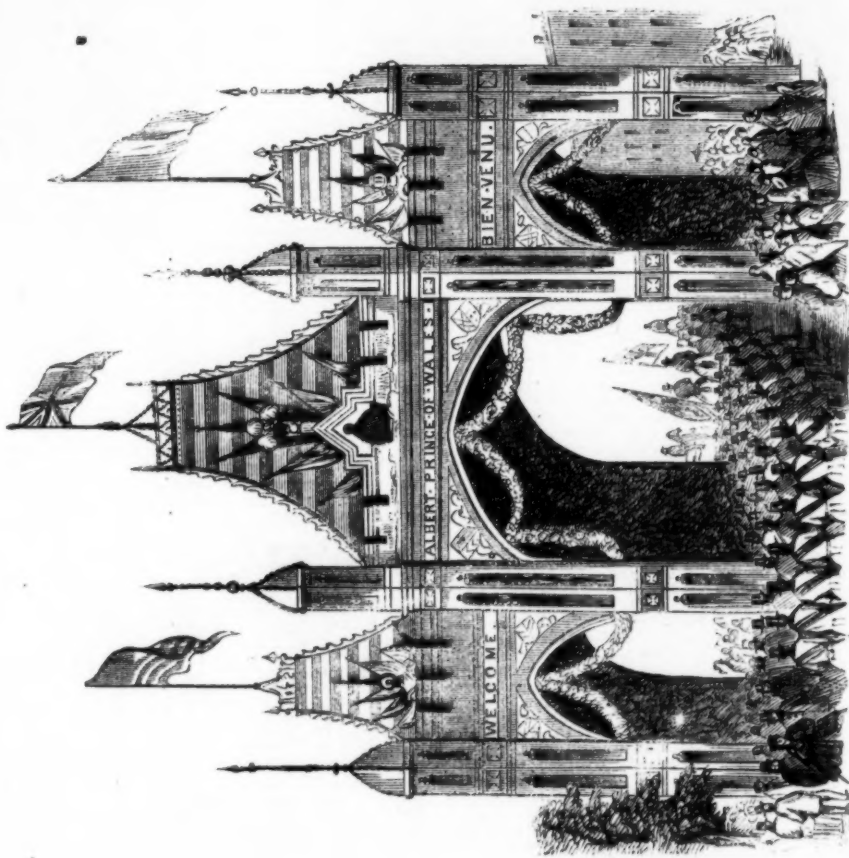


ARCH ERECTED IN JACQUES CARPIS SQUARE.

rain, rain, rain! and still the rain comes pouring down. This plural welcome may be a delicate attention from the clerk of the weather, but to the sightseers of this mundane sphere it is a positive and unmistakable bore. On the morning of the anticipated reception everything was damp and sloppy - the assembled thousands wore long faces, and the general belief, which was afterwards confirmed, was that the Prince's landing would be postponed. The vessel bearing the Prince was signalized about three p.m., and shortly after rounded the Island of St. Helon, opposite the city, accompanied by a flotilla of nine large steamers crowded with people. Salutes were fired from the Flying Fish, Valorous and Styx, lying at anchor in front of the city, and from the dock.

The rain had ceased, but the dun clouds still hung in the heavens, and made the whole scene seem very dreary. Still, thousands upon thousands of people crowded the dock and the streets in the line of the procession, and every window held a host of beautiful and anxious ladies. The Societies and Volunteer Companies took their stations upon the dock, but the enthusiasm of the Societies yielded to the pitiless showers. The assembled thousands endured patiently, and only dispersed when the Hon. John Rose, Mr. Cartier and the Admiral's Secretary brought the news that the landing of the Prince would be postponed until the following day. The procession and the illumination were also postponed, of course.

The morning of the 24th was beautiful, and the sun shone upon the most brilliant scene that was ever seen in Montreal. It is computed that over sixty thousand people were present, together with the Societies, Military Companies, and the Government and City Officials. At ten o'clock the Prince disembarked.



ARCH ERECTED IN THE PLACE D'ARMES, OPPOSITE THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL.

Looking far down the river, one could see the fleet of white river steamboats, which, gaily decorated with flags and filled with happy, cheering people, had gone down to meet the Prince, and were now accompanying him to the much desired shore. Stretched out in martial array were the three vessels of war, the Styx, the Valorous and the Flying Fish, which had preceded the Prince, and were at anchor in the stream. Far up and down the line of wharves, back into the city's streets, and all around, at every available and reachable place, were thousands and tens of thousands of people, whose eyes were anxiously turned toward the royal transport, and whose feet were stuck fast in the mud and mire clay, while a bee line drawn from the market would reach the end of the pier, where was erected a gorgeous pavilion, and at which the Prince was to be received. As the Kingston drew near the crowds became denser, and their frantic attempts to draw nearer became more evident. Finally, after some delay, the royal standard was lowered from the masthead, and the Prince, preceded by his equerries, and followed by his courtly suite, stepped upon the red damask carpet and stood in the city of Montreal. Then burst forth in thundering tones a welcome from the iron mouths of all Her Majesty's batteries on ship and on shore, while the sweetly chiming bells from the cathedrals and the churches formed a harmonious contrast with the heartfelt cheers given by the countless thousands upon the shore.

Looking straight in upon the distinguished group, we saw the Prince, dressed in his colonel's uniform, standing on a very high dais, supported on either side by the Duke of Newcastle, Sir Edmund Head, Earl St. Germain, Lord Lyons, General Williams and Admiral Milne, all of whom were dressed in their full dress costume. Here the Prince received an address, to which he read a short and appropriate answer.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE FALL-ROOM BUILDING AT MONTREAL.



THE ROCK OF THE BOW JONES BUILDING.

MARIE.

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS AND THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY JACK BRACE.

CHAPTER XI.—DEVIL'S DICK SHOWS A TALENT FOR DIPLOMACY.

"WELL, Bob Rainsford, you ar' a boss among the gals, anyhow," said the boatman, when they had left the Salle d'Armes. "Fust you hits one of them at the ball, which I must say was onmanly, an' next, all on the same night, one of 'em follows you up, and would have stuck you like a pig, I've a notion, if you'd only let have her own way about fighting, for I see'd that in her eye. What's out, man?"

Rainsford, who had no wish to offend Denton, first, because he knew him to be "game to the backbone," as he would have expressed it, and next, because he believed there was money to be had by humoring him, replied in a better humor than he would otherwise have done to any unauthorized interference with his affairs.

"Blast me, Dick, if I know what this trick means. I never saw that gal before, except at the ball to-night; and what she wants with me, unless she thinks I have a big pile of money, I don't know." "Well, what made you hit that yaller woman at the ball to-night? Come, I've been a friend to you, Bob; I've lent you three hundred dollars to-night, which in course I expect you to pay back, and I helped you away when they would have nabbed you. But I don't like that conduct, no way you can fix it; so if you want me to back you up any longer, you must just explain yourself."

Now it happened that Rainsford was counting on Denton's friendship or assistance. Notwithstanding all his resources, with the addition of his share in the spoils when the boatman had been plucked, he was nevertheless "strapped"—i.e., short of funds. When notice had been served on him of the process which had been taken out for the purpose of rescuing Marie from his grasp if possible, he determined to employ one of the shrewdest and ablest lawyers in New Orleans, and had been obliged to pay a large fee in hand. Why he did not choose to accept the large amount offered by Father Dunois, or the still more considerable one which he knew he could get for the transfer of his title, is a mystery to be revealed in the course of our narrative. Brute as he was, it was seemingly impossible that even a passion for the girl, whom he had seen but twice since she had grown up, could induce him to forego so large a sum of money. But the influences which control the human heart are inexplicable, and if motives of revenge against Alfred, who had so baffled and cowed him, were strong in his bosom, it was just that sort of feeling which, with a man like him, would be a sufficient superinducing reason for any sort of desperation, even to making sacrifice altogether, contrary to his usual nature. He was that character of a man often found in the world, and particularly in the south-western portion of the United States, who would lie, swindle and cheat to procure money, which he squandered on every passing whim, and yet with whom the love of gold was subservient to his hatred and revenge. Rainsford wanted money then, and the boatman seemed a providence to him, not only in this respect, but in another of scarcely secondary importance to his pecuniary necessities. He knew Denton to be bold and fearless, prompt to back his companion for the time being in a "skirmish," regardless of the consequences, as he had shown twice on that night, and he supposed him to be, if not as great a villain as himself, at least unscrupulous enough for his purposes. With this double motive, then, he curbed his disposition so far as to seek to conciliate his companion, and even to pretend to give him his entire confidence.

"Well, you see, Dick," said he, "I own a gal—a pretty likely one as you ever saw. I bought her with her mother about fourteen years ago, before I went out trading to the Choctaw Nation, and her mother died, and so I paid a free woman to care of her and bring her up for me. Well, when I came back, about three months ago, I met her in the street, grown up, and pretty as a racehorse, and just went to speak to her, when one of those d-d Frenchmen slips up and knocks me down from behind, and carries the gal off. I was a good while getting well of the blow, and before I did I had to go up to Little Rock because of a partner of mine who died there leaving some funds. So when I got back again last week, I hunted the woman up to claim my slave, and who should I find at her house but the same d-d Frenchman cheek by jowl with her? I was pretty mad, I tell you; and was about kicking him out, pistol and all—for he tried to scare me with one—when he calls a policeman, and after saying something in their cursed lingo, they threatened to take me to the calaboose. Knowing there was no chance of fairplay among those Frenchies, and that I had the law of them, I agreed to go if he would, and so we did. But before I could get a warrant out to take my nigger, they got out another, and put her under charge of another d-d old Frenchman until I could prove my title. Well, it was all the contrivance of that yaller devil you saw at the ball, and I ought to kill her."

This statement, garbled as it was, in connection with what he had heard from Alfred, rather enlightened Denton, who was anxious now to hear more, as it might possibly give him an opportunity of helping the friend of Rainsford.

"Well, if she's trying to cheat you out of your own, that's enough to make a feller savage; but I wouldn't have hit her. What are you going to do now?"

"Fight it out, d—n them all. They offer me lots of money to sell her—that is, an old priest did, who has educated her in my absence, as if he had any right to teach a nigger to read and write."

"How much did they offer?" asked Denton.

"Well, they talked big; but I suppose I might get four or five thousand dollars, for the young fellow is rich, and has taken liking to her."

"And why don't you sell her?"

"I'd see them all d-d first! I'll have her myself, if I die for it—I've a reason."

"Well, well," said Denton, who did not wish to show too much interest, lest he might be suspected of a motive, "every feller has a right to do what he pleases with his own."

During this conversation they had been driven back, by direction of Rainsford, to the gambling-house, from which they had been absent about an hour.

"What's this?" asked the boatman, when they had got out of the cab; "you don't want to go back to that hell? I should think you'd lost enough to-night."

"Oh, come along! One good turn will get us out! Don't back out now."

"Us?" said Denton. "Why I've not lost anything, leastways to-night, 'cept what I lent you."

"And do you think I won't pay you?" asked the gambler, with well-simulated indignation.

"I didn't say so," replied Dick; "but I don't want to play any more to-night."

Rainsford saw that his companion was perfectly sober—in fact, all his attempts to make him drunk had proved unavailing—and hence it was necessary to be cautious.

"Well, I didn't think there was any back-out in you, Dick," said he. "What do you mean?"

"Who ever saw Devil's Dick back out?" demanded the other, with equally well-feigned anger.

"Well, I didn't say there was; but you daren't make a night of it."

"Here's in for you, old boss!" exclaimed Devil's Dick. "I'm a ringtailed roarer, and not afeared of snakes!"

"Then just lend me a couple of hundred, and let's go in and bust them up!" said Rainsford, delighted at the humor which his companion assumed.

"Stop there, Bob; I don't like to back out from a feller when I'm once in, but that makes five hundred. And suppose you lose, when am I to have it back?"

"To-morrow, if you wish it."

"Well, but how'll you raise it?"

"Way, didn't I tell you I could get thousands for my gal?"

"Well, you see, Bob Rainsford, I lost a lot of money at that cursed hole you took me to first, and was pretty nigh done up, only I've got another big pile unexpected like, and I ain't goin to be broke again. Just give me your hat that if you can't pay me in three days you'll sell the gal and give me my money back, and I'm your man."

"Done!" said Rainsford, who cared very little for a verbal promise without witnesses, and felt that he was getting the money cheap. Indeed, he made a mental reservation that he would yet

make Denton drunk and win that and as much more as he could from him.

The play was still going on when they returned, and only by a casual question from the gamekeeper and a slight glance of inquiry from some of the players was any interest evinced in the result of the affair, which it might be supposed had come off. Rainsford, who did not care to attract an unusual attention, merely remarked that the matter had been amicably arranged, and quietly sat down to play. In an hour and a half, however, he was broken, while, strange to say, the boatman, his companion, who had played on carelessly, was largely a winner. He had watched Rainsford coolly and closely, and when he saw him lose his last stake he handed in his own checks for the money he had won, amounting to some six or seven hundred dollars.

"You ain't going to break off that way, Dick," said the gambler; "give me a couple of hundred more and I'll get a turn on them yet."

"Let us get up and take a horn first," said Denton, quietly pocketing the notes which had been handed to him. To this Rainsford cheerfully agreed. When they had stepped aside and drank, Denton observing great moderation in his tipple, his companion said to him—

"Come now, Dick, you had a run, but you don't know how to play. Suppose you let me take five hundred, and rush it between us."

"No you don't," said Denton, jocularly; "you are in too bad luck for me. I'm just about as even now as I'll get all night."

"Well, lend it to me, then; I swear I'll pay you every cent of it back."

"That's sockin' it rather deep, Bob, and with what I lost last week, I can't well afford it."

"Didn't I tell you I'd pay you back if I had to sell the gal, by G—! Come, don't forsake a fellow now; that's not true grit."

"Look here, Bob Rainsford, I'll just tell you what—as for grit, that ar critter ain't alive what's my master. I ain't rich, you know, and I've stood by you to-night ar lent you five hundred dollars on your word. You've had hard luck, that's true, and maybe if I lend you five hundred more, you may git out; but human nature is mighty onartin, and life too for that matter; so I'll do it on one condition, and not without, and that is, you must just give me a bit of writin', so that I'll have a claim upon the gal if you don't pay me back in a week."

"Make it seven hundred and I will," said Rainsford, who had no intention of giving any obligation of real value, but expected now that Dick had begun to drink, that he would be able to arrange the matter before the night was out to his own satisfaction.

"All the same, so as you give me the writin'."

"Well, let's take a drink, and then we'll get pen, ink and paper in the other room."

"No more flicker till we fix this, Bob; go along and make the writin', and here's the spoons."

Rainsford went into the next room, where the boatman followed him, but before he had touched one of the company on the shoulder, and beckoned him aside. This was our friend Armand, who, having finished his supper, and taken his adventurous mistress home, had returned to the gambling-saloon to meet any inquiry as to the result of the affair.

Without exactly understanding what such an invitation meant, the creole accepted it instantly.

"I say, stranger," said Denton, "you seem to be a clever fellow, and good grit too. I hope you've no hard feelings about that little skirmish a while ago?"

"Not the slightest," said Armand, who was amused with the character of the boatman.

"Well, then, I want to ax a small favor of you. I've lent my partner that five hundred dollars to-night, and he's so all-fired ram-bunctious he wants more, and I want him to give me a bit of writin' about a yaller gal that belongs to him, that'll hold good, so I can git my money back in case of accident. And though I've been keepin' company with him to-night, I wouldn't trust him much further than I could sling a bull by the tail; so I want you to fix it all right for me, do you understand?"

"Certainly," said Armand, over whose mind flashed a gleam of sudden intelligence, for he had had an explanation with Juanna before leaving, and heard briefly the story of Marie.

Rainsford was somewhat astonished to see Armand, whom he had not noticed at the gaming-table since his return, nor had he heard the conversation between him and the boatman. So when the creole addressed him with urbanity, spoke carelessly of the little affair, and remarked, with seeming indifference, that "their friend here had asked him to draw up a little written memorandum, a mere matter of form he presumed, which he would be happy to do if monsieur desired it," the gambler seemed to entertain no suspicion, but readily yielded his seat at the writing-desk, who, with a few rapid dashes of his pen, drew up an instrument for him to sign, while Denton was carefully counting out his money.

Whether anxiety to get hold of the cash, or whether the peculiar French calligraphy in which it was written was too difficult to read, he merely gave it a glance, and signed it. Had he been more particular, he would have seen with surprise that the name and description of Marie was accurately filled out, though he had not seen them; and notwithstanding his eagerness for play, he might have paused, and would perhaps have refused to execute the instrument.

"This only wants another witness ar monsieur may hand over the funds," said Armand, signing his own name. He called a person from the other room, and Rainsford, nodding an affirmative to the question whether the instrument was his act and deed, eagerly grasped the money which Denton handed him.

The second witness, who signed his name Marx, was a little Jew, with eyes so bright that they sparkled through his green goggles, and a remarkably large nose of a peculiar copperish hue. As Rainsford went towards the other room, he followed him, and, twitting him by the sleeve, said something to him in a low tone.

"The d—!" said the gambler; "how do you know anything about it?"

"Never mind; meet me to-morrow; here's my address, and we may both profit by it; anyhow, you had better come."

The gambler put the card silently in his pocket and proceeded to the table, where he soon became deeply absorbed in play.

As Denton was about following him, Armand laid his hand on his shoulder and said—

"Now, my friend, I wish you to do me a favor."

"For sartin, stranger, anything in my power," said the boatman.

"I wish you to let me keep this writin' in my possession, at least for the present. I am a gentleman, and a man of honor. Here is my card."

"Well, stranger, that's rather an onlikely request from one I don't hardly know; that paper's all I've got to show for twelve hundred dollars, but I shouldn't mind trustin' you for that, only there's somethin' more in it maybe than you know of."

"Exactly so, and I will not seek an explanation from you to-night," said Armand; "only do you know Alfred Du Val?"

"I've seen him once; he's Harry's friend."

"Well, I am his friend; will you let me keep the paper, and call on me to-morrow?"

"Yes, keep it, and let's get along to the other room; that scamp might suspect somethin'."

We will not detain the reader over the remaining scenes in the gambling-house, except to remark that when the game closed it was daylight, and Rainsford had lost very nearly the whole sum he had obtained from Denton.

He had become much intoxicated also, and exacting a promise from the boatman to meet him that afternoon, he went off to his room to sleep off the effects of his excitement and lay plans for the future.

Armand and the Jew had departed soon after signing the writing.

CHAPTER XII.—MARIE—HER NEW FRIEND—FEMALE SYMPATHY.

The reader is already aware that by a judicial order Marie had been placed under the charge of a respectable gentleman, whose general benevolence, as well as his regard for Father Dunois, made him willing to extend his protection to the persecuted girl and afford her an asylum. In the house of M. Dufour she was treated with great kindness and consideration; her apartment was comfortably furnished, the attendance upon her wants was careful, and nothing reminded her of that inferiority of caste which, under the peculiar circumstances surrounding her, she might be supposed to feel more sensitively than ever.

At the wish of Father Dunois all communication between Marie and Rachel, whose weakness rather than her fidelity he feared, had ceased. The young girl felt some natural regrets at this abrupt parting with one who had cherished her childhood and youth so

fondly, but she missed her society the less as she was favored with that of her guardian's daughter, a beautiful and intellectual girl.

Sophie Dufour possessed every charm and accomplishment which could render a female not only attractive but beloved. Her mind was of the highest order and richly cultivated, yet her manners were so simple and natural, her goodness so perfect, that the humblest felt at ease in her presence. She was just the friend Marie needed, and her noble heart, untrammelled by mere conventionalities, responded generously to the demand for sympathy which the case of the lovely and innocent quadrone presented. At a glance she read the character of her protégé; it needed not Father Dunois's assurances to convince her of the purity and refinement of the being thrown thus helplessly on her charity, as it were.

Taking her at once by the hand, she said, "Come, Marie, have no fears; I will be your friend."

"Many thanks, dear lady!"

"Call me by a simple name, Marie; say Sophie if you please, or sister, if you will love me and put confidence in me."

"I—call you sister?" said Marie, in an almost startled tone.

"And why not, poor child?" said Sophie, laying her hand calmly on the girl, and looking into her eyes with the tranquillizing power of kindness. "Why not? are we not all children of one Father, and sisters in affliction?"

"Affliction, lady? can you be unhappy—so beautiful and so good?"

"Were your too partial flattery true, child, it's no shield against sorrow."

"And have you known sorrow, dear sister?" said Marie, timidly and affectionately.

"Great ones, Marie; it is but a few years since I lost a fond and loving mother."

"Oh! that was a grief; but then she lives in heaven, where you will one day meet her. I never had a mother."

The dependency of this sad wall touched Sophie's heart. She meant, by opening her own sorrows, to offer sympathy and consolation. Nor did she falter at this unexpected reply.

"But the Holy Virgin will take you for her child, Marie, if you are good. Do you forget that she is the mother of the unhappy?"

"Oh! it has been the hope of my life to dedicate it to her service; but now—"

"And now, my dear Marie, let us hope the impediment is but temporary, and that all will be right in a little while. Father Dunois, as well as my own father, express much confidence that it will be so, and then you shall not go away from me any more to run risks, but stay here alongside of me, until we both go hand-in-hand to the altar and become sisters in duty as well as affection."

"What! you become a nun, lady?"

"And why not, Marie? Could we do better than dedicate our lives to heaven?"

"Yes, but I thought that one so rich and beautiful—"

"Was fit only for this world; eh, Marie?"

"Ah! no, not that; but then you must be so beloved, so happy in the affection of those that love you, and 'perchance,' said she, 'there is one who some time might—'

"I understand you, Marie; but there, too, alas! my hopes are in heaven. Listen: I was beloved, and gave my whole heart—fully, freely—for he was worthy of it. One evening he received some real or fancied slight to myself at a ball from a man who should have despised, and who, it was afterwards ascertained, sought the occasion to fix a quarrel on him, and the next morning, young, noble-hearted, beautiful and brave, he fell the victim of a cruel and barbarous custom at the hands of a professed duelist."

"Dear sister," said Marie, passing her arm around her and looking kindly in her face, "you have, indeed, suffered more than I have. I, too, have loved, and hopelessly, as you must know; but Alfred lives!"

"Alfred! What Alfred?"

"Du Val," answered Marie, in a low voice. "Why, he is the brother of my Henri; told me you know him? But stop, now I remember, Father Dunois told me enough to enable me to guess the whole. Marie, you must never leave me; I must guard you against your own heart, as well as your enemies."

"Lady! I am a quadrone as well as a—"

"There, that will do; leave out the ugly word. All that has not prevented you from being beautiful and having a soft heart."

"But, lady," said Marie, drawing back with pain in every feature as well as in her voice, and woman's true dignity in her mien, "do you doubt me?"

"No, poor wounded bird," said Sophie, soothingly, "you are too good and Alfred is too honorable for me to harbor a thought of evil; but you will be happier in a convent, and Alfred has a worldly career to fulfill."

"Do you think he will forget me? Men—true and noble men, like Henri's brother, seldom forget their first love; it is cherished as something holy through life, an amulet against evil, a secret charm to exercise impure and unworthy thoughts, a tall man, whose power for good is never lost—to throw on earth."

"And in heaven?" asked Marie, her face glowing with enthusiasm.

"They meet again, where 'is neither marrying or giving in marriage.'"

"Dear lady!" said the poor girl, kissing her hands, "you are as good as you are beautiful. I will never leave you if I can help it."

Sweet slumbers crept the quadrone's senses that night, and beatific visions hovered about her couch, which was placed in an apartment joining that of her friend. Whence did dreams come? Are they confused and disjointed memories of the past or spirit revelations of the future? Alas! who can tell? Speculation finds no basis to build on, and reason no premises on which to rear a theory! Marie dreamed. She was not herself, but a little girl playing in a flower garden with Rachel—no, it was another black woman. How she chased the butterflies and pulled the flowers and romped—how happy she was. Then her attendant grew very angry, spoke harshly to her and took her rudely by the arms, until she was so frightened that she lost all consciousness, and the sunshine and flowers and the happiness vanished. When she was again conscious, she was floating on the dark waters, in a great, curious house, and the people all stared at her, and some were kind to her; but one who seemed to take care of her, was often harsh and angry, and made her cry; and then she was in a great city—houses—houses—and then she had another garden of her own, but not so large or so pretty; and her attendant came back; but no, this time it was Rachel. Happily the prominent incidents of her life were lived over, and then her dream-angel shook his wings over her, and lo! the future! What scene is this? A church, an altar, and Father Dunois stands smiling before her. She is dressed in white, with orange blossoms and a bridal wreath. It is thus that maidens are dedicated to Heaven, she is about to become a nun. Sifting a sigh of regret that rose from the depth of her heart, she turned to look for Sophie, her sister-friend, in whose sympathy she is to find strength, and lo! it is Alfred who takes her hand! With a start, she awoke—

"w the kind face of Sophie Durant bending over her."

"You have been dreaming, Marie, and if I may judge, not altogether unpleasant visions."

Marie's only reply was a deep blush, as she drew the covering which her start had displaced, closer around her.

"Stop, child," said Sophie, stooping down, and taking hold of a ribbon which was fastened around the quadrone's neck, "what is this?"

"I do not know," answered Marie; "I have always had it."

"Why it is a small French coin; and here are two letters, M. F. What can it be? This may be of importance to you."

"So Father Dunois thought; but we could make nothing of it."

"And if there is not a large, beautiful strawberry on your arm. Why, Marie, what a pure white skin you have!"

Marie blushed deeply, and drew the cover closely around her.

"There, child, these things may be important, some day," said Sophie, quietly, not noticing her embarrassment. "Now, get up, and you may have your coffee in my room."

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CREOLE BELLE—NEW-FOUND RELATIVES.

It was the evening hour, and the setting sun shed his rays upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi, until its smooth waters gleamed like molten gold! The breeze was too light even to ripple their surface, and scarce sufficed to rustle the leaves on the orange trees which fringed the river banks. It was the gentlest breathing of a zephyr—perfumed and pleasant. Beautiful villas bordered the coast, and rich gardens, blooming with exotics and rarest flowers gave evidence of the luxurious beauty of the sunny South.

Along the path of one of these, enamelled with pebbles and white shells from the sea-beach, wandered a young girl in "maiden

meditation," but I dare not say "fancy free," for there was in her manner and appearance the evidence of mental preoccupation—whether pleasant or perplexing the reader will be allowed to judge for himself. Now she sauntered along listlessly—then she started forward, and anon she stooped to pluck a flower, which she arranged in a tasteful bouquet. Her cheek glowed, and her dark eyes sparkled, and a soft smile played around her exquisite mouth. She was about the middle height for woman, with a slight and graceful form, raven hair, bright starry eyes, and of a lustrous, soul-entrancing beauty.

As he wandered along he heard a footstep upon the gravel behind her, and with an arch smile turned to meet the intruder.

"Ah, monsieur, you prefer flowers to wine, and have come to rob me of my bouquet?"

"I am sure such a prize is worth more than a game of billiards," said Harry Berford, for it was he who had been spending the day with his friend Alfred, and in the home-like case of creole manners had strayed off alone unnoticed into the garden, while the other gentlemen sought the billiard-room.

"On, if you place no higher value on it than that I must reserve it for some one who will," said the lady, playfully.

"If I evinced any want of appreciation for the precious gift, my tongue said I belied my heart," exclaimed Berford, gallantly.

"Heart, monsieur? Have gentlemen hearts?"

"Kentuckians have, fair lady."

"Ah! true," said Julie Du Val, in a different tone, for she was not a bit of a coquette, and though playful and gay in her disposition, she shrank instinctively from the very approaches of that unprofitable, not to say unaimably pastime; "true, monsieur, brave and gallant ones. See, these are the plains of Chalmette; what New Orleans girl can ever forget the men who fought there? The very name of Jackson is adopted in our families."

It would have required some one more stoical and far less chivalrous than a Kentuckian to resist the fascination of such words from lips so sweet, and delivered with such true and beautiful enthusiasm.

And what better meed for brave deeds, fair lady, than such praise, and such memories? I was not born then, but my father fought there, and the spot is doubly hallowed for me."

"Your father?"

"Yes, and after the victory remained long enough in New Orleans to win and carry off a fair prize, which amply repaid him for all his hardships."

"Ah!"

"My mother was a creole."

"Then you are half a creole yourself. Here, you may have my flowers, for your father's sake," added Julie, blushing.

"But you have not told me the name," she continued; "perhaps you may have kindred among us."

"I fear not. I understand there were two orphan sisters; my mother's marriage separated them, and we understood that my aunt died childless some years ago, though there had been no direct communication since the first year or two after my mother went to Kentucky."

"But your mother's name was—"

"Marie Fleuriot."

"Marie Fleuriot! Certainly I have heard that name before! Come with me, Monsieur Berford; my mother and Sophie are in the summer-house yonder—I must tell them."

The gay and happy girl danced on ahead, while Berford followed more quietly.

"Oh, ma mère! Sophie! Monsieur Berford's mother was a creole—Marie Fleuriot. Where have I heard that name?"

"Did you say that your mother's name was Marie Fleuriot, monsieur?" asked Sophie Dufour, turning very pale.

"Yes, miss," replied Harry.

"Your father married in New Orleans one of two orphan sisters?"

"Yes."

"Then you are my cousin, monsieur," said Sophie, rising and offering her hand and cheek with a blush.

Harry accepted the proffered salute with grace and feeling.

"Be seated, monsieur," said Madame Du Val. "It is pleasant indeed to find you related to one whom we all love so much as our dear Sophie. I knew your mother well, and it is strange when I heard your name I did not recognize it at once. She is still alive and well, I hope?"

"She lives, madam, but is bowed down with grief by a sad event, of which, I think, you have already heard."

"Yes; Alfred told me. But do you not think your sister may yet be alive?"

"I hope not, madam," said Harry Berford, in a voice so changed, so deep and intense that it startled Julie.

"My cousin," said Sophie Dufour, "do you not think God is able to protect the good and innocent under any trials?"

"I were impious to doubt it."

Madame Du Val changed the topic, and after a few moments made some excuse to leave the summer-house with her daughter, and the new found relatives were alone.

"My dear cousin," said Sophie, with all the noble frankness of her nature, "I am so happy to have found you, and have so much to say to you when you come to see me in the city. I have been almost desolate of late years, with no relation but my dear father to love me. And how often I have thought of your mother and wished to hear about her."

"And that she would love you I am right sure."

"But have you really given up all hope that your sister lives? Were you not wrong to wish her dead? May not the good God have guarded her and shielded her from evil?"

"That were a blessing too great to hope for."

"We never know what blessings are in store for us, my cousin. Had your sister any birth-mark by which she might be recognized?"

"Yes; a berry on her left arm."

"A strawberry," asked Sophie, almost breathlessly.

"I cannot say, without reference to a memorandum which I have at my room. It was a well defined berry. But why do you ask?"

"I demanded her in some agitation."

It required all Sophie's self-possession to control her own feelings, under the suspicion which rose involuntarily in her thoughts. And yet it might be nothing—less than nothing. Mastering her emotion, she said,

"Cousin, do not let an idle—no, not exactly an idle—but a very improbable surmise, which should not have found such ready utterance, disturb you or excite vain hopes. Yet I feel frankly with you, only give me until to-morrow. Come to see me at my own home, and bring the memorandum of which you spoke, and I will tell you what I meant. Will you do so—will you have so much confidence in me?"

"I will," said Harry. "I have only known you a few hours, but I would trust you with my life or my honor. I will even repress the wild thoughts your question suggests until you bid me indulge them."

"Thanks! many thanks, my dear cousin. I am so happy to feel that we shall indeed be friends. But come, a young lady must not stay out too late, even with a new-found relative," said she, playfully. "So let us join our friends; they will be ready to receive you still more kindly than ever."

CHAPTER XIV.—JUANNA'S PLOT.

The reader will be at no loss to account for the readiness with which Armand complied with Denton's request to do the little piece of writing between him and Rainsford, nor for the interest he displayed in the matter when he remembers that Juanna had undertaken, from a wild impulse of generosity, to interfere in Marie's behalf. She had explained her views, and detailed what she knew to her friend who was attached to Alfred Du Val, took a ready interest in the whole affair. His reappearance in the gambling-house had been already noticed; his surprise at the request of Denton was hard to suppress, though with tact he assumed the task, and actually wrote a bona fide bill of sale, with a clause of redemption, which, as we have seen, was duly signed and delivered. Fearing to attempt an explanation at the time with the boatman, who he had no doubt was acting under the instructions of Alfred, although the reader is aware that Dick was diplomatically "on his own hook," and unwilling to risk so precious a document to the chances of Denton's sobriety, Armand conceived the idea of keeping the instrument himself, and getting the boatman to call on him the next day.

About noon Armand entered a handsomely furnished apartment, one of a suite of rooms on Carondelet street, where he found Juanna reclining on a rich ottoman, in attractive dishabille, looking rosy, voluptuous and beautiful.

"En bien! mon ami, you are late this morning."

"Yes, I did not leave that cursed gambling-house until nearly daylight, and have

"Why, what detained you at the gambling-house? You said you were only going back for half an hour. You did not get into another duel, I hope," said Juanna, laughing.

"No, but I met your antagonist and his friend, and was called on to perform a singular service, which may add another scene to your plot."

"What was that, pray?"

"Why, to draw up a writing giving Denton a lien on Marie for the loan of twelve hundred dollars to that scoundrel. See, there it is. I have persuaded him to let me keep it lest that rascal might get it away from him while he is drinking. It is a regular bill of sale, with a clause of redemption at a very short date."

"That was a bright thought, my friend," said Juanna, joyfully.

"We will baffle that fellow yet, and free poor Marie from his persecution, though she may despise me."

"You have a noble, good heart, Anita, and no one shall despise you."

"Oh, never mind that, Armand," said the quadroon, quickly.

"And so you had the bill of sale recorded?"

"Yes, with some difficulty, though, about the other witness, whose address I forgot to ask. I promised, however, to find him and bring him down."

"What was his name?"

"Here, don't you see? Marx."

"And you don't know him?"

"Never saw him before."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Juanna, gaily. "Mon pauvre Armand, you are not quite so bright as I said. You should have applied to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Me, *voilà, Marx!*" said she, taking from behind her, on the ottoman, a pair of green goggles with a false nose attached, which she put on.

"The d—l!" exclaimed the astonished creole.

"No, monsieur, not the d—l, but a pretty woman, at your service," said she, removing the disguise. "And now, my friend," she continued, "the plot becomes interesting. Did you notice me whisper to this man last night?"

"I now remember something of the kind. What was it about?"

"Only an invitation to meet me here at one o'clock to-day."

"Juanna?"

"Bah! don't be jealous and foolish at the same time. It is the Jew, Marx, whom he expects to find, and who he believes knows a little too much of his private affairs; but stay, you can remain and hear the whole, if you will. Go into the next room and keep quiet; you will find a nice little *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which you can discuss in the mean time."

"Yes, but I expect Denton here every minute; I took the liberty of making an appointment with him at your rooms."

"Well, if he will only arrive before my friend, he can breakfast with you. He is a jewel, though a rough one. Two witnesses, also, will be better than one."

A rap was given at the street door, just as she finished speaking, and Juanna, reconnoitring through the blinds, found it was the boatman, whom she admitted at once.

(To be continued.)

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you be kind enough to answer the following question: A, B, C, and D are playing a four-handed game at billiards, A and B playing against C and D. A plays, no count; C plays, makes two by pocketing A (white ball), and afterwards goes in the pocket himself; B plays from hand, no count; D plays from hand, makes 11 in two or three plays, and goes into the pocket himself. A is about to play, when he discovers his adversary's ball on the table; he claims that he has the right to play the other ball which is in the pocket, without knowing when the balls were changed or which side first played with the wrong ball. Is he right or not? J. C.

Ans.—A may take the ball which is in the pocket and have the marker place it in the exact spot occupied by his adversary's ball, and play from that position. The ball so displaced is in hand.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Mich.—I. What is the meaning of the word "hazard?"

Ans.—I. A hazard is made by driving any of the balls into any of the pockets. If "taking a hazard" is a term used to express that a player is so confident of making a certain hazard, that he will undertake to do it under penalty of losing, in case he does not succeed, as many lives as he would have gained if successful. The phrase is most frequently employed in two ball pool.

C. B. T.—The question is already decided. Goodyear's patent has been sustained by all the courts in this country, and it admits of no further litigation. The law requires the date of the patent to be affixed to the article. As the user of the table is liable as well as the manufacturer, the patentee insists upon having the licence plate on the table. The public is the gainer by the arrangement, as the price of Phelan's Tables has been reduced ten per cent.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF BILLIARD IMPROVEMENT.—The ordinary rubber cushion was the plague of scientific billiard-players. It was so susceptible of modification from atmospheric causes that no result could ever be actually counted upon by even the most expert practitioner. In war weather these cushions became soft, in cold or frosty weather they became too hard. They were never uniform, and the stroke played one day could not be made the next, though all the conditions, except the condition of the weather, remained unchanged. Edward Russell Mardon, an interesting and instructive writer on billiards, who published a work on the game in 1844, says that these common rubber cushions were so susceptible of temperature, that the effect of it has even been experienced during the continuance of a match. "Thus," he says, "the best of strengths at eleven in the morning might prove the worst of strengths at five in the afternoon."

These disabilities, however, were removed by the important invention of Charles Goodyear—the vulcanization of rubber. By this process the rubber was rendered impervious to the atmospheric changes, and thus one great desideratum, uniformity, was obtained. The durability of the material was also greatly increased, as by the process of vulcanization it was rendered capable of absorbing without being affected by its essential oil, which would completely dissolve the common unvulcanized rubber.

This was a valuable invention, and exercised a great influence on the manufacture of billiard-cushions. It furnished a basis—a solid basis—for billiard improvement. But it required the observation of a good player and the talent of a good mechanic to erect on this basis a principle which would insure, in the highest scientific degree, truth and correctness allied to the uniformity and durability.

The next step was the invention of Phelan, which established the principle on this basis of the comparative solid face and elastic back inseparably combined, or rather combined in one body and in one material.

A FABLE.—Mr. Daniel Lynch, of this city, who accepted Secor's billiard challenge, and forwarded \$500 to New York as an instalment upon his forfeit, received yesterday a letter from the editor of *Wilkes' Spirit*, informing him that he should send back his money by the next steamer after the date of his letter. So much for Mr. John Secor, the great consumer of pens, ink, paper, gas, chalk and lager. He will pass for an Opulencia of the first water.—*California Spirit of the Times*.

A NOTE FROM THOMAS.—We have received the following letter from our friend, Phil. Thomas:

"Cincinnati, August 26th, 1860.

"FRIEND PHELAN.—You must excuse me from making my intended visit to your city, on account of sickness in my family. I will endeavor to be in New York in October next; we have the United States Fair next month, or I would come sooner. Billiards of late have been rather dull, but a beginning to pick up. Should anything new turn up in the billiard world keep me posted. The 'Baron Roman' sends respects, as do Miller, Tatem and others. Remember me to Bird, and oblige your friend, PHIL. THOMAS."

A VOICE FROM HONG KONG.—Mr. Phelan has received the following interesting letter from one of his old patrons. Our readers will find it interesting:

"Hong Kong, June 3d, 1860.

"MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—I promised you a letter on my arrival here, and though many things have for a time prevented the fulfilment of my promise, I know you will be somewhat interested in receiving a few lines from an old acquaintance."

"I arrived safe and sound here, after a very fair passage of one hundred and eleven days. I have gone through the usual routine and inidents of sea life, which, in my opinion, consists of eating, drinking and meditation. I have seen old ocean in his might, and seen him as calm as a mill pond. I have seen whales and whale spouts, sharks, dolphins, flying fish, albatross, Cape pigeons—of all sorts of genus. Buried royals and topgallants, stood my trick at the wheel, being washed out of my berth by a wave that flooded us—

—and a halibut me what a deal you've seen!" So I

"The Chinese are a very wonderful and curious people—our reverse in everything. I looked over the side of our vessel the other day, and saw a Chinese woman preparing a dish of rats for her breakfast. They eat anything and everything."

"The harbor is filled with English, French and American men-of-war. The English and French are preparing to attack the Chinese, and see if they can get into Peking. I think they will succeed, but the Chinese will show good fight."

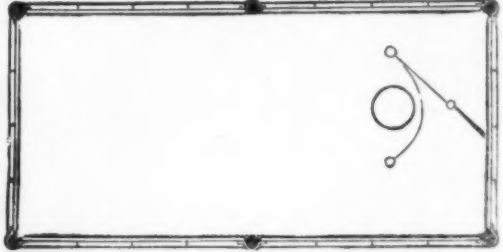
"On my arrival I proceeded to the chief billiard-rooms in Hong Kong, in order to post myself up. How shall I describe them? I looked on the plate, and saw 'S. Calcutta.' Such old-fashioned cues, such curious colored ba and markers, such pockets, and, oh! such cushions! You would have been speechless with astonishment. The playing matched the tables; and, without vanity, I found none to play with. I had the great satisfaction of playing a game of billiards the other evening on one of your own tables; I hailed it as an old friend, and could hardly tear myself away."

"I have seen everything in Hong Kong that is to be seen, and you would have laughed to have seen me carried round on the shoulders of two coolies in a sedan. I hope to see you in December. Till then you have my best wishes for your happiness. Remember me to all. Yours truly, P. C. R."

A WORD FROM THE WEST.—We extract the following from the letter of a Cincinnati amateur of billiards:

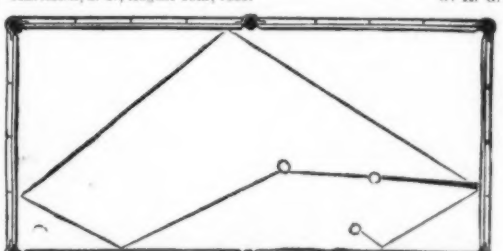
"I see that you have retired from the arena, like Alexander, 'weeping that you have no more worlds to conquer.' Well, I dislike to see your name taken from our list; but I rejoice and find comfort that we fling aloft, as a gallant substitute, that of 'Our Phil.' Now that you have stepped to one side, I think that Cincinnati can safely challenge the world—considerable territory, it must be confessed—but let him who dares dispute the assertion come forth!"

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—Several weeks ago I sent a copy of the enclosed diagram to the editor of the billiard column of a certain *Illustrated Paper*, asking information as to whether the shot, as laid down, could be made. Having received no answer to my communication, I am constrained to think that the capricious editor referred to is hardly equal to the task he has undertaken. In this emergency I apply to you. Will you inform me whether the stroke can be made as in the diagram—striking the first ball, and returning around a hat and striking the second? Yours respectfully, AMATEUR.



Ans.—Certainly the shot can be made, but it requires far more knowledge of the game of billiards than the editor in question possesses, which probably accounts for his silence. If you will call either at the factory in Crosby street, or at the rooms corner of Tenth street and Broadway, we will be happy to show you the shot, and also give the explanation. The shot to a neophyte appears inexplicable.

DEAR SIR.—The carom as per enclosed diagram was made by the writer on one of your tables in Kennedy's Saloon in this city about two weeks ago. I noticed to-day one very much like it, made by Mr. Bacon in the match between Yale and Harvard Colleges, and published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. This recalled my shot to my mind, and I thought it as well to send it to you. Charleston, S. C., August 18th, 1860. Respectfully, W. H. G.



Five cushion carom, made by W. H. G., Charleston, S. C.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has been presented with the freedom of several towns in Italy. He is about to start a journal in Palermo, with the title of the *Indipendente*. On this subject Garibaldi wrote the following letter:

"MILANO, July 24.

"The journal which my friend Dumas is about to publish in Palermo will be called the *Indipendente*, a title which it will all the more deserve, because the founder will not spare me if ever I should deviate from my principles and my duty as a child of the people."

A writer in the English *Court Circular*, *faute de mieux*, says: "The following curiosities are to be found in the present House of Commons: Two Cubits and a Foot; a Lever and two Locks; a Gore-stained Hood and candlestick; a Peacock and a Pease; a Bridge and a Booth; a Longfield, a little Brook, Greenwood, Freeland, and a Cave; a Cross and a Trollop; a Hunt, with a Fox and a Koolband; a Collier, bringing Coke and Coles; a Hut which Leaks; a Patten conveyed by a Boat to a Fellow with two Deedes; also a company of gentlemen who are Rich, Wise, Long, Hardy, Moody, Lowe, Merry and Thynne—each acquainted with Manners, and Knightley. To sum all up, they have amongst them two Kings, one Duke, a Marshall, a Palmer, and a Knight."

A FLORENCE JOKER has just died, and bequeathed a large fortune in a singular will. It gives the bulk of his wealth to the man who shall be found to have the largest hump on his back in all Tuscany, and appoints twelve hunchbacks as trustees and judges. Each of them, to recompense them for their trouble, is to have travelling expenses paid while looking for the King Hunchback, and to have a gold medal with an effigy of Joseph, the hunchbacked Prince of Fable.

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, about whom Humboldt told some of our creditable stories, in his letters to Varnhagen von Ense, indicating him as a pompous and overbearing aristocrat—has recently taken a public model of giving the dead man's memory the lie. When a copy of the book reached the public library at Weimar, the grand duke marked the objectionable passages, wrote opposite them, "This is a lie—Karl August," and replaced it on the shelves. Humboldt was an inveterate old gossip, and there is no doubt that he occasionally falsified, though the Grand Duke might have imitated the fact less objectionably.

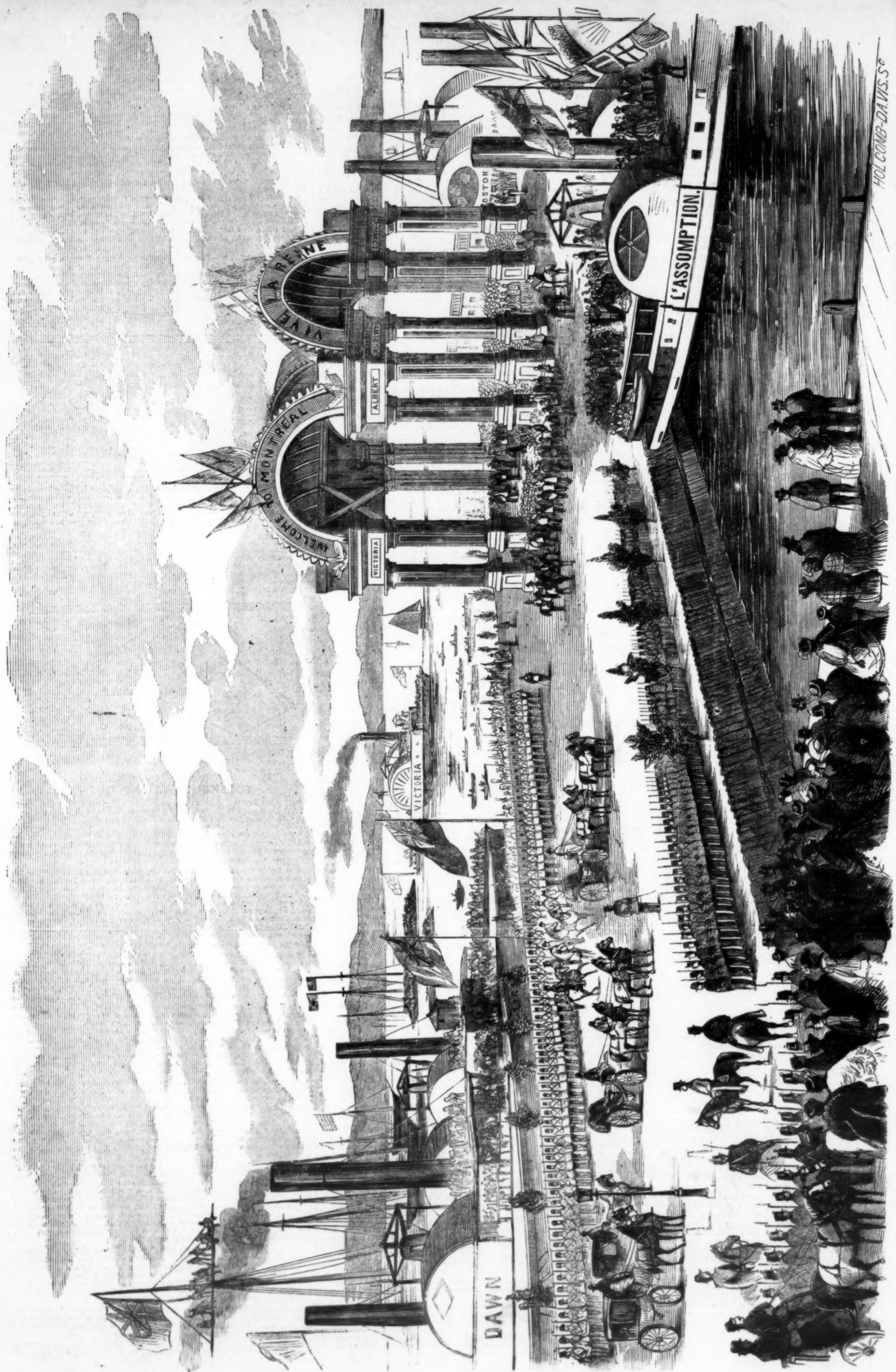
As Tom Sayers was recently driving along the Holloway road, near London, the wheel of his chaise came in contact with that of a cart, whose driver put his whip across Tom's shoulders. This was too much for the champion; he alighted and promptly hauled the carman from his cart. The Jarvey rejoined by felling Tom to the ground. Hereupon the bystanders, recognizing Sayers, shouted "Halloo, Tom, you have got hold of another Heenan!" The sound of Tom Sayers' name was enough for the carman, who quickly mounted his vehicle and whopped his "Debbin and drove away," evidently conscious that he had "caught a Tartar," but was not desirous to investigate further the peculiarities of his catch.

THAT silly frogger, Edmond About, has been again "putting his foot into" the inkstand. There can be no question that Louis Napoleon is playing a small thimble-rig game, which will end in his finding the Phœnix, as his uncle did, on a rock in the Atlantic. The last pamphlet is a tub thrown to the *saucy maitre* whale, and shadows forth the annexation of various territories, now owned by Prussia and other powers. This is, of course, no bar to French spoliation. Stolen apples are always sweeter than those which grow on French trees, and robbery is the birthright virtue of La Grande Nation. The carpets are being laid for a grand tragedy in Europe, which, to oblige this rapid age, will be in one act instead of five, the usual old fog number.

ONE of Bosco's couriers has been taken by the Sicilians, and he was found to be the bearer of the following letter from Colonel Bosco to Marshal Clarke: "My position is most embarrassing, and with such cowardly and undisciplined soldiers I can undertake nothing. I beg you, therefore, to send another courier to replace me, as I now tender you my resignation. Endeavor to send immediately a steamer to carry away the detachment of the Eighth Chasseurs which is here; they make the whole garrison nervous."

YOUNGMAN, the valet, who perpetrated the murders at Walworth, has been committed to take his trial. There is no doubt of his guilt, but the motive is not so apparent. The most probable reason is that he had effected an insurance on the life of the young woman, who was one of his victims, and to whom he was engaged to be married, and that he was discovered by his mother in the act. He was a very worthless fellow, and had been confined for a year in prison, for some offence.

The inhabitants of Malton, Yorkshire, were much astonished on the 29th of July by a violent storm, which ended in a fall of snow about two inches deep. Such a phenomenon has not occurred in the memory of man. The hail was also very large and destructive.



LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES UNDER THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED BY THE HARBOR MASTERS, AT THE BONSECOURS WHARF, MONTREAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

HOL COME-DAVIS. 5c



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT QUEBEC, THE PROCESSION COMING UP MOUNTAIN HILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUP IN AMERICA.

(Continued from Quadruple page.)

was acknowledged by loud and continued cheering, while the organ and the bands played, and the Oratorio Society sang "God save the Queen." An address was made to his Royal Highness by the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, asking him to inaugurate the Exhibition. The Prince, in a clear and animated tone, made the following reply:

"Most readily I consent to the request you have made, a request the more agreeable because it is conveyed to me by my friend, your excellent Governor-General. I am not ignorant of the high position obtained by Canada in the great Exhibition of 1851, which was opened under the happy auspices of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and as carrying out the design of that memorable undertaking, the smaller, but to Canada most interesting selection of the products of your land, and of works of art and industry, has my sympathy and claims my best wishes for its success. I

hope and believe it will realize all the objects for which it has been designed."

The Exhibition was then declared open, and the Prince passed round the building and examined the display. The Exhibition is by no means complete, but considering the hurried manner in

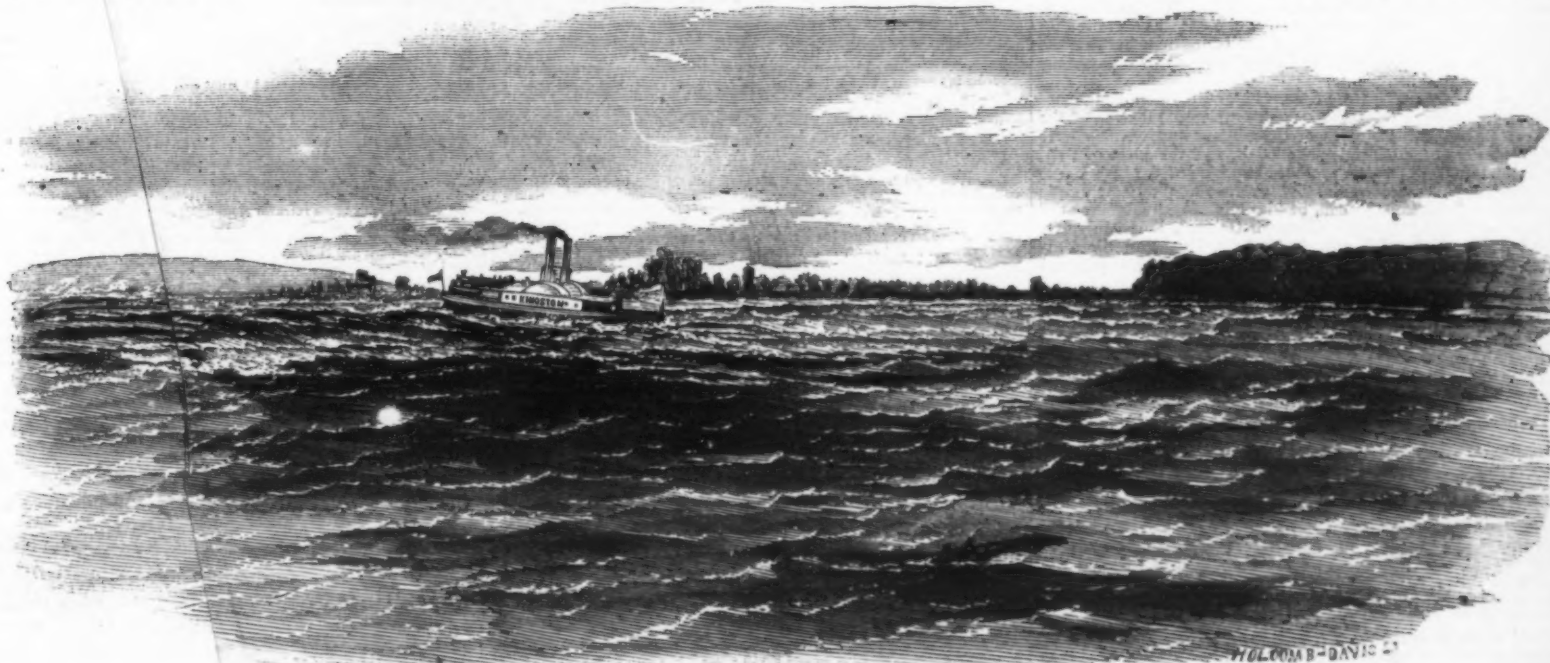
which the articles were brought together it was creditable alike to the industry and energy of the people. The same commendation must be awarded to the building. The Prince left the Crystal Palace amidst the cheers of the people, while the vocal and instrumental forces gave out the grand and glorious Hallelujah Chorus, and proceeded to the depot of the Grand Trunk Railroad. A vast crowd was assembled to witness the

Laying the Corner Stone of the Victoria Bridge.

It is well known that the principal object of His Royal Highness was to inaugurate the Victoria Bridge, which stretches its vast length across the river St. Lawrence, connecting, so to speak, the Great West with the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. The bridge has been in actual use for some months, and the railway cars of the Grand Trunk have gone as safely over it before as they have since His Royal Highness formally pronounced it open; but a work of such magnitude was deserving of an extraordinary notice, and so it was that Queen Victoria, who could not come herself, sent over Albert Edward, her first-born boy, that he might take her place. All that was needed was the



THE ROYAL BARGE CONVEYING THE PRINCE TO THE LANDING AT QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE PRINCE OF WALES DESCENDING THE LACHINE RAPIDS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, NEAR MONTREAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

placing of one stone and the hammering of three nails to complete the grand structure in every sense of the term.

Two huge obelisks had been erected at the end of the stone parapets, from which to the opening of the tunnel, reaching on the top of the parapets at either side of the open space, there were rows of seats provided for the accommodation of spectators, who were admitted thereto by ticket.

At the terminus of the parapets, which was also the mouth of the tunnel, at the same elevation as the seats referred to, was the headstone of the corner, which, hung in mid-air, elevated by means of a chain, which, when windlassed, would allow the stone to settle in its place. The Prince's platform was about six feet below the upper side of the adjoining stone, on which stood the reporters, and His Royal Highness could only reach the dais by ascending a very steep and long flight of stairs which led from the space below to the platform. When all was ready, the Prince spread the mortar which he had taken with a silver trowel from a box on the bed stone, and gave the signal for the chain to be loosed, which done, and the stone being settled, the Prince completed the affair by giving three light raps on the face of the huge oblong of granite, and that part of the performance was ended.

The scene at this time was very interesting and imposing. On the dais stood the Prince, while around him were men of note and world-wide distinction. Above him were the representatives of the Press, who with quickly moving pencils were taking down for the information of the nations the proceedings of the moment; and on either side, stretching far down the road and upon both sides of the parapet, were gaily and fashionably dressed ladies, who lent grace and beauty to the occasion, and thousands of male spectators, whose sombre garb served as a fitting background for the picturesque groups of officials of all sorts and kinds who might be seen in the more prominent positions in the ranks.

From another point of view, taking in from in front of the obelisks (after the Prince had left the dais and entered the car) the whole scene as above, we saw the railway carriage, which had been constructed expressly for this occasion, entering the tunnel, containing the royal party, who were going into the interior of the bridge, that the Prince might have the satisfaction of driving the last nail therein. This was soon done, and the invited guests, numbering about eight hundred, partook of a bountiful lunch, at which His Royal Highness presided, in the grand hall above the depot.

On Sunday the Prince went to church both morning and evening, greatly to the delight of thousands of people who thronged the streets through which he passed, that they might have a glance at his features.

The Governor-General proposed three regular toasts—"The Queen," "The Prince Consort," and "The Prince of Wales," all of which were received with immense cheering. The Prince bowed in response, and then in a clear and audible voice proposed "The Governor-General of Canada, and the Prosperity of the Grand Trunk Railway." These were received with tremendous cheering, during which the Prince bowed and retired.

As the Prince, on his way to the Bridge, passed the Boston Fusiliers, the band played "God Save the Queen," and the company saluted. Having taken his seat in the open car, the Prince desired that the Fusiliers' staff, accompanied by the band, should be presented to him. This was done—the Prince saluting the American flag, while the band played "Hail Columbia," followed by the royal band with the National Anthem.

The illumination of Montreal far exceeded in magnificence and in extent any similar demonstration on this side the Atlantic. Brilliant designs in gas jets, colored lamps and transparencies met the eye at every point. The streets were thronged by tens of thousands of people, and the liveliest admiration was testified on every hand. It was a gorgeous exhibition, and the people of Montreal may well be proud of the unbounded liberality of their demonstrations in honor of the son of their Queen.

The Prince's levee at the Court House was a grand crush; at least two thousand persons were packed inside the building. It was a brilliant sight, the magistracy, the clergy, the military, the officials and private gentlemen being all in full dress. Nearly two thousand persons were presented to the Prince, among whom were nearly one hundred Americans.

The ball, however, was the point to which every interest tended; it was the first and last topic of every conversation, and surely the milliners, tailors, drygoods men and bottlers had never, in Montreal, so busy or so profitable a day. A splendid building had been erected by the committee expressly for the occasion, there being no room large enough to accommodate the crowd which it was anticipated would attend. The construction was entrusted to an American, and admirably did Mr. Tefts fulfil the commission entrusted to his skill. It was a vast circle of over three hundred feet in diameter, substantially built and elegantly designed. Every one awarded it a high meed of praise. It was lighted by two thousand gas lamps, arranged in concentric circles round the orchestra in the centre. Round the room were galleries which were crowded with spectators, and under which were the dressing rooms and refreshment tables. The building was situated about two miles from the city; the gardens surrounding it were brilliantly illuminated by colored lamps hung in the trees, which reflected in the sparkling fountains produced a charming scene of fairy enchantment.

The interior was elegantly decorated, and the combination of the richly colored flags, the superb and varied dresses of the ladies, the brilliant costumes of the military and naval officers and Government and Municipal officials, and the blaze of light from thousands of gas-jets exceeded anything of the kind I ever witnessed. It was computed that over seven thousand people were present, and among them, besides His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, were the Governor-General, Earl Mulgrave, Lord Lyons, Duke of Newcastle, Earl St. Germain, Sir Fenwick Williams, Admiral Milne, General Bruce, Marquis and Marchioness Chandos and Lady Franklin.

The supper tables were arranged all round the room, and the supper, which was admirable in quality and ample in quantity, was served by civil attendants during the whole evening. Fountains of champagne, claret, lemonade and ice water were scattered all along the length of the tables. All these arrangements were as perfect as they could be.

The ball was opened by the Prince, who chose for his partner the Hon. Mrs. Young. I need hardly say that he was observed of all observers, indeed the attention he attracted was somewhat trying to him, but he bore it with his usual good temper and philosophy. He danced twenty times, every dance indeed, but the last, and each time with a different lady. The Prince left the ball-room at half-past four A. M., and shortly after the company dispersed. It is generally conceded by all present that the ball at Montreal surpasses everything of the kind ever given in America. The appointments in every respect, and all the minor details were perfect, and allowing this, what more can be said.

The whole of the Festival Ceremonies were wisely entrusted to committees selected from the prominent citizens of Montreal. The following committees were appointed at the meeting of the Executive Committee, June 12, 1860:

BUILDING.—A. M. Delisle, Chairman; Hon. John Young, H. Stephens, John Leeming, Alfred Pitt.

FINANCE.—William Molson, Chairman; Edward Maitland, Thomas Morland, James Hutton, Thomas Workman.

STEAMBOAT EXCURSION.—Hon. John Young, Chairman; A. M. Delisle, A. Pinsonneault, Theo. Lyman, J. J. Day.

BALL.—Thomas Morland, Chairman; C. J. Coursol, John Esdaile, E. Maitland, A. W. Ogilvie.

TRADES AND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.—J. J. Day, Chairman; Hon. John Young, James Hutton, John Leeman, Theodore Lyman.

INDIAN AND ATHLETIC GAMES.—James Hutton, Chairman; H. Stephens, A. W. Ogilvie, John Esdaile, C. J. Coursol.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—John Leeming, Chairman; Theodore Lyman, C. J. Coursol, J. J. Day, John Esdaile.

From the description I have given, it may be imagined that all these gentlemen have exerted themselves to the utmost. They have been truly indefatigable, day and night they have labored to perfect arrangements conceived in a spirit of the most liberal and boundless hospitality. Without wishing to seem invidious, I must state that, prominent among these gentlemen in the active discharge of their duties, were the Hon. John Young, who appeared to be perfectly ubiquitous, for his presence was everywhere seen and felt, and Mr. John Leeming and Mr. Thomas Morland. To the latter gentleman I tender my earnest thanks for countless hospitable and business favors, which I warmly appreciate and cordially acknowledge. As Chairman of the Ball Committee, Mr. Morland has won unbounded praise in all quarters.

While acknowledging the courtesies I have received during my visit to Canada, I gratefully acknowledge the universal kindness of the Canadian press—it has everywhere been most cordial and earnest. I cannot refrain from adding my meed of praise to the Pictorial of the Montreal Herald. It was a handsome sheet, admirably and tastefully edited, and sold, I know, very largely and rapidly. It was a success entirely deserved.

In my last letter I mentioned that the whole arrangements of the Prince's tour through the British possessions in North America were entrusted to the Hon. John Rose, M. P. The admirable manner in which he has fulfilled his difficult and important charge, has been the subject of general comment and universal praise. To myself and my artists, and to all the members of the American press, his courtesies were certainly boundless. Every facility that could be afforded and every privilege that could be granted were tendered and conceded with courteous willingness and genuine kindness. I cannot fully express my thanks to the Hon. John Rose. To Mr. Barnard and Colonel Wiley my sincere thanks are also due for many favors received.

F. L.

MY INVERNESS CAPE.

Of first-rate quality and unexceptionable cut; the very best extra superfine Witney—color drab—price, three guineas and a half. Altogether a stylish affair. Looking upon it as a whole late one Saturday evening in January last, I considered it a masterpiece of workmanship and a credit to Spinks, tailor, of our High Street, down in Worcester-shire. It would have been three pounds five without the black velvet collar, but I never cared about expense. Spinks, a man with no artistic taste, thought the black velvet collar too decided a contrast—in fact, rather out of place—but I overruled his objections very quickly. He had his money, I received my Inverness cape, and there was an end to the bargain between us. It was not for a gentleman to argue with his tailor about light and shade—the fit of the thing was his business, nothing more.

My father, Josiah Doodles, of Fatsall Grange, Worcester-shire, thought it was a showy affair, and I "had better get to coats." My mother, always gentle and maternal, was inclined to think that if it had fitted my figure behind—my slim and graceful figure had turned more hearts than one in Worcester, mamma said—it would have been very neat and elegant. But speaking with candor, yet reverence, they were both old-fashioned people, and my Inverness cape was not intended for the inappreciable eyes of country folk. No; there was a certain Lucy Fairback—a blue-eyed, golden-haired, roguish, red-lipped Lucy—far away in London, in whose bright glances I intended to sun myself and my cape; Lucy, the only beloved child of Felix Fairback, of the great firm of Fairback, Nipper & Twist, Chancery Lane. Lucy Fairback and I had plighted our troth seven weeks ago at the Nipper's ball, Mrs. Nipper, maternal relative of the second legal partner, an old lady with a small fortune and an enlarged liver, resident in Worcester. Yows had been whisked red in the conservatory and registered in Heaven, and papa Fairback's consent was to ratify the engagement entered into between two gushing hearts.

So love and duty called me to London, Lucy and the paternal Fairback, and one morning, early in the new year, as though I went accordingly, "Josiah," said my nervous father, after he had given me his blessing at a retired corner of the railway refreshment-counter, "this is the first time you've ventured to London alone; take care of yourself, there's a good lad."

"Trust me to take care of myself, father."

"Ah, if you were only a trifle more 'cute, Jo,'" was his last mournful observation, "I shouldn't feel so much afraid," and with this extremely weak-minded remark my father took me by the arm and saw me into a corner of a railway carriage with six new cars, as though I were still the little boy he used to see off to school every Midsummer and Christmas.

I arrived safely in London, and on the wings of love—that is, in a patent Hanson—my portmanteau, my Inverness cape, and myself were borne Chancery Lane way. The home of the Fairbacks was near the legal place of business. Mr. Fairback was a business little man, fond of bundles of deeds, blue bags and pens behind the ear, passionately attached, I may say, to forms and six and eightpences. The late Mrs. Fairback, Lucy, and Lucy's sisters combined had never been able, by fair or foul means, to cajole Mr. Fairback into a country house. Mr. Fairback was no lover of "ruralities;" was a nervous man, too, with a horror of thieves and dark country lanes after sundown. Mr. Fairback felt himself secure in the heart of London, with a patent lock on his door, and within a stone's throw of his office. He had never been robbed in Chancery Lane. The feet of the despoiler had never crossed the threshold of his home—no, no!

My nervous haste to throw myself at the feet of papa Fairback and implore his consent to the bestowal of the hand and heart of Lucy, eldest but one of a family of eleven daughters, gave rise to a little uneasiness to begin with. Arriving in Chancery Lane with a large portmanteau, which I left in the hall along with my hat and Inverness cape, suggested to the startled mind of paternalist an intention of staying some weeks with him, whereas I had intended, in the first instance, a mere formal call of a few minutes previous to retiring to my hotel. The acute reader may think that the wiser course would have been to seek my hotel in the first place, and arrange myself decently after the fatigue of travelling, and the reader is possibly right. Had I done so, however, he would not have found a Fodder's rushing into print in this unceremonious manner. Had I done so, Fate would not have disgraced a spotless name and covered it with ignominy. But I was young and headless, anxious to end a terrible state of uncertainty with papa Fairback, and experience the blissful sensation of calling Lucy mine! I was a stranger in London, too, and papa Fairback might know of a respectable hotel where I should not be imposed upon by hungry waiters and voracious chambermaids; might—ecstatic! Heavens! it was just possible—offer me a bed beneath the roof that sheltered the blue-eyed, golden-haired, roguish, red-lipped Lucy of my dreams.

Papa Fairback knew nothing of hotels, and had not the slightest intention of offering me a shelter from the wiles of a wicked world. He received me with kindness—a formal and stiff-backed kindness—but still genuine. There was a father's heart beating beneath his frilled and snuffy cambric; I was the only son of my father—and he had eleven daughters. It is doubtful if I should have had the courage to break the ice at the first meeting, had it not been for his kind assistance. He drew me out, relieved me of the burden of confession, accepted me as his son-in-law, shook me heartily by the hand, and, in his absence of mind, nearly charged me thirteen and fourpence for the interview.

I was doomed not to see Lucy that evening. In the delicious expectation of surprising her in Chancery Lane by my presence, I had forestalled matters by a day, and arrived in town twenty-four hours before Lucy was prepared to receive me. Lucy, at the early hour of eight in the evening, had gone to bed with a nervous headache, and I—*press chancier*—would not hear of her being disturbed on my account. Mr. Fairback shook me by the hand again; he was glad to see I was not a weak man. I gave Mr. Fairback an invitation to dine with him and family to-morrow, and I was gracefully accepting the same, previous to shaking hands for the fourth time and wishing him good night, when a low tap sounded on the panels of the door.

"Come in!" said Mr. Fairback; and a scared maid-servant, with her eyes dimmed, came in, or rather tumbled in, at the summons.

"Oh, Lad! Mr. Fairback!—oh, mercy on us, Mr. Fairback!—it never happened before!"

"What never happened before?" exclaimed Mr. Fairback, turning pale.

"The lock was picked, sir—by the thieves, sir—at all the things in the hall, sir—to be taken away, sir—at seven o'clock at night, too—oh, good lad, sir!"

"All the things in the hall to be taken away!" Good gracious! My portmanteau, my hat and my Inverness cape were in the hall—had been in the hall at least.

Mr. Fairback sank back into his easy chair in an apoplectic attitude, then

suddenly bounded up again while I was bending over him, took me off my guard, and loosened two of my teeth with his forehead.

"Good Lord! I to think of this disgrace upon the house of Fairback—robbed at seven in the evening—a house in Chancery Lane—my friend's property, too! Where's my hat? I'll go round to the police station!"

"You must allow me to accompany you."

"My dear sir, no. The disgrace is mine, the trouble alone be mine. Come with me to the drawing-room; let me leave you to my daughters' care till my return. God bless me—robbed!"

Papa Fairback passed his arm through mine and trotted me into the drawing-room, introduced me to those of his daughters whom I had not seen, and who had not accompanied Lucy down to Worcester-shire seven weeks ago, made a nervous apology for retiring, and left me with the ladies, only for a moment, however, for he suddenly bounced into the room again with a pencil and paper, crying,

"My dear sir, what has been lost of yours? A portmanteau, my servant tells me—what sort of portmanteau?—oh dear, oh dear!"

"A black leather portmanteau, buff straps."

"What was it? As many articles as you can possibly remember, Mr. Mr. Doodles, please."

I blushed. There were a great many articles, under garments of various kinds, that my modesty would not allow me to detail in the presence of the Misses Fairback, and I stammered out a wish to reflect upon the matter. I had really not had time to consider the contents, but everything was marked "J. Doodles," in German text. I would make a list out by the morning.

"Hat, of course?"

"Yes, hat."

"Any great coat?" inquired Mr. Fairback, giving little jumps from one leg to the other, in his eagerness to be off.

"An Inverness cape."

"What color, now—dear, dear, dear, what color?"

"Drab, with a black velvet collar."

"Black velvet collar?"

"I responded in the affirmative."

"I should think that that would be identified," remarked Mr. Fairback, in a decisive tone, as he hurried from the room, and left me to protect, or to the protection of, his daughters.

Stranger though I was to the majority of the Misses Fairback, we were not at a loss for a topic of conversation that particular evening. I was soon at my ease with the fair sisters of my Lucy; they were all dear girls—expressed such sympathy and such solicitude. Even the portrait of a fat old lady over the piano—the late Mrs. F.—seemed to regret my loss with a mournful smile. Mr. Fairback, still in a state of great excitement, returned in due course. He had been to the police station; the articles stolen would be stopped at all the pawnbrokers, the inspector would thank me for as correct a list of the portmanteau's contents as my memory would allow, and the official opinion was that it was a very barefaced robbery. I took leave of my future father-in-law at an early hour in one of the paternal bays, which only found its level on the bridge of my nose, and hid London from my sight. I promised to call at an early hour in the morning, and I went my way in search of an hotel, with a heart somewhat sadder than—considering Lucy—ought to have been the case, perhaps.

It is a true adage that "one trouble never comes alone"—a sad and melancholy fact. Standing in the Strand, with one hand in my trousers' pocket and the other keeping my hat up, a horrid heart-sinking truth struck at me like a knife. I had five shillings and a threepenny piece in my pocket—only five and threepence and the key of my lost portmanteau! My purse had been carefully packed in the inner pocket of my waistcoat, and only a little loose cash left near at hand for present emergencies. For I had heard strange tales of pickpockets in the London streets, and one could not be too careful.

I leaned my capless form against a lamp-post and took grave counsel with myself. Cast upon the London streets with five and threepence in my pockets, what was to become of me? Pride would not let me return to Chancery Lane and borrow money of papa Fairback, whose accused faultily lock had brought me to this awful pass. There were no friends of mine in London, and two days at least must elapse before a remittance could arrive from Worcester-shire. I could not even telegraph to Worcester without spending all my money. Five and threepence! The doors of every respectable hotel were closed against me, and in cheap apartments down a lonely street or in a back room I might get my throat cut and nobody the wiser. "London was an awful place," they said in Worcester-shire, and they were right. In one hour I had lost my money, my portmanteau, my hat and my Inverness cape! I would not risk my life; better to walk about all night under the big castor of Mr. Fairback.

Then came the horrible sensation of standing still in a light morning suit and shivering against a lamp-post, followed by acute pangs of hunger, which rendered me only too conscious of my "inward." What should I do? There was a man promeneing to and fro with a transparency on his head, recommending people to the "Coal Hole," and I had heard of the "Coal Hole" from a fast young Worcester-shire blade, who had been to London and seen life. I was becoming reckless; I would proceed to the "Coal Hole" forthwith; there was an inviting warmth about the name that cheered me on; I should get a chop there, and I should hear some fun, perhaps; I wanted cheering up a bit.

The fun had begun at the "Coal Hole" when I had surmounted altho the difficulty of finding my way thither. The "Coal Hole" was waiting for me, and the music halls to turn their gas out. I walked away the time with a chop and sundry glasses of pale ale, and in writing a letter (Worcester, till the fun set in, and very dreary fun it was, though the know-nothing nearly killed them elves with laughing, and everything was joyously applauded. Perhaps reminiscences of my lost property—or thoughts of Lucy, who, in her innocent slumbers, little dreamed of the prodigious night I was making of it—or perhaps that last glass of Bass's affected my spirits, or I sat gun and reserved in a corner, a Timon of Athens, without an Inverness cape.

Inverness cape! strange, marvellous coincidence! reality folking on thought and rousing me to action. At the door was time cape, my Inverness! It could swear to it anywhere. Color drab, superfine Witney, Monks the patent of Spinks, tailor of Worcester-shire—but where was the velvet collar? I'm blushing with agitation, I rose and tottered towards the door, prying close to the stranger in the cape—a tall moustached stranger, with shaggy eyes that regarded me with a momentary stare as I passed him. It must be the cape! When I immediately behind him I looked with a lynx-like gaze at the back of his neck. I had him. The black velvet collar was turned in!

I am an impulsive being; I caught the stranger by the arm.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, in a husky whisper, "but this is a cape."

"Sir!"

The stranger drew himself up very erect and firm, but circumstantial evidences were so strong for him.

"It's a good thing you've sworn to it. You took it from the hall of Mr. Fairback, in Chancery Lane. I know the buttons and the cut—I can show you my private mark inside the pocket—I—"

"Just step with me into the street," said the man, "there's no occasion to make a noise here. Will you come into the street?"

"I shall give you in charge."

"Of course—of course—if you can prove it. Do you think a man would be mad enough in these times to walk about the streets in a cape he had just stolen? Short nonsense."

We went into the street, my hand taking a firm grip of the cape least the robber should escape me.

"You are aware that you are open to an action, if you've me in charge?" was his next observation.

"Possibly."

"And that any jury in the world would bring me in 'damages'?"

"What have you done with the portmanteau, you black accursed scoundrel?"

"I don't know anything about a portmanteau. Let here, now, I'll prove that half an hour ago I—"

God bless my soul! where was I? what had happened? A sudden blow in the pit of my stomach—a concussion on the nose—tall houses over the way and the lamps down the street revolving rapidly—figures vanishing round the corner—my helpless form doubled up against a wall, and my fingers instinctively clutching the Inverness cape, out of which the miscreant had suddenly slipped.

It was a dream; only the pain in the abdominal regions was too vivid, and the swimming in my head and swelling of my nose was too truly natural. Like a wild dream to lose my cloak, and chance on the thief within a few short hours—one of those remarkable coincidences which occur once or twice in a lifetime, and which our friends never will b/c.

One feeble cry of "Stop thief!" followed a hasty plunge to the next corner. All dark and solitary, and no trace of the robber; nothing left me but resignation. I put on my cape and walked slowly up the street towards the Strand. I had learned a lesson since Worcester-shire was left behind that morning, and—I had found the cape again.

Slowly up the Strand, pondering as to the step of Josiah Doodles, Jun. Better off in wearing apparel, but still as persecuted with regard to pocket money—the world lay before me where to see. Suppose I were to enter an hotel and say nothing about my capital and let the bill run on for a couple of days, for instance—hotel-keepers expected money down. Supposing I—

"So here you are, my fine fellow, are you?"

I looked up, as an unpleasant set of hands fastened themselves between my collar and my throat, and met the sight of a tall, bushy-whiskered being, in a rough coat with a belt round his waist, and a dark lantern at his side—a police man.

My indignation was aroused.

"Let me go, will you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I demand a reason for this treatment."

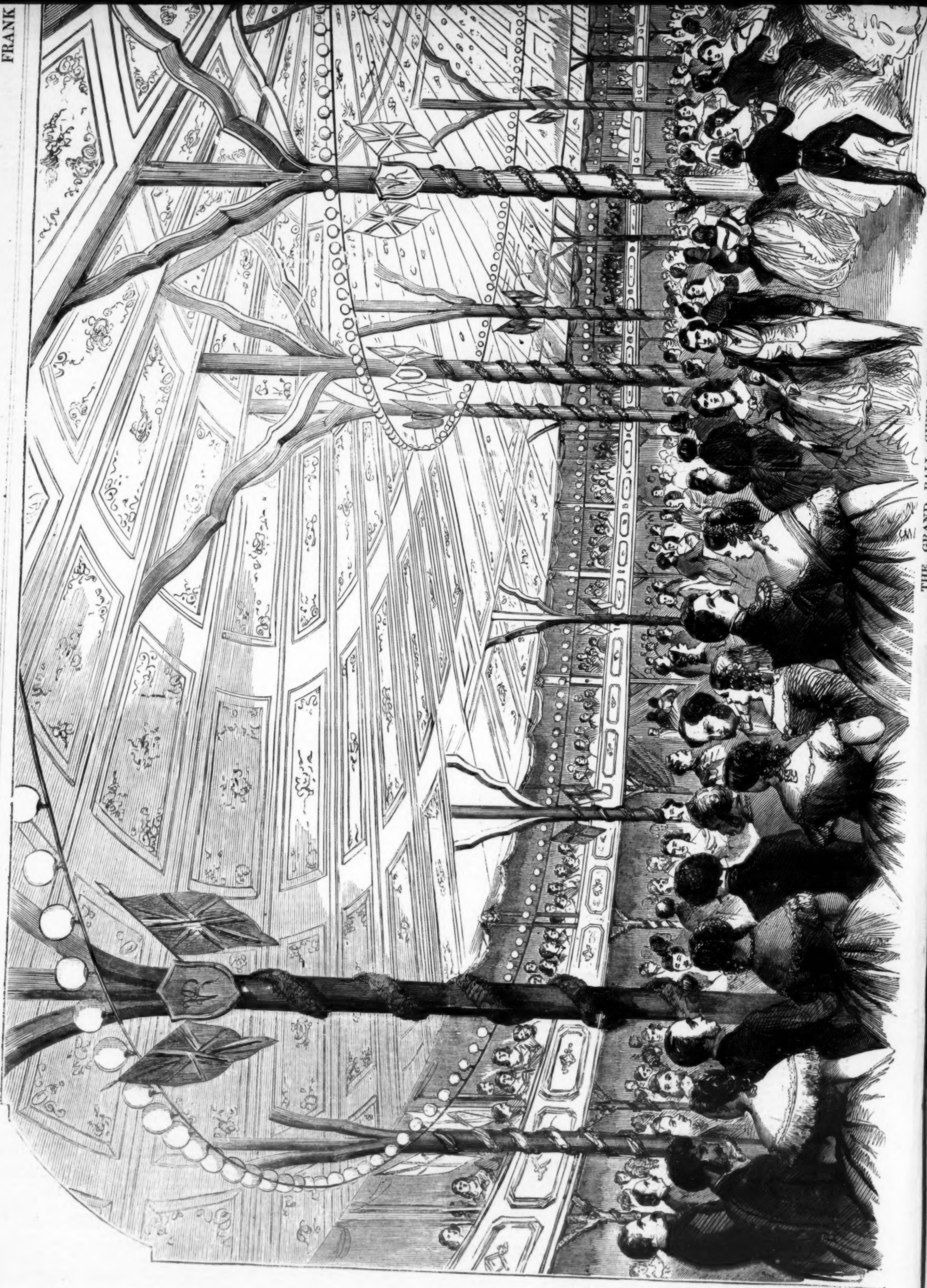
"Come, this won't do. It isn't as if I know you. It isn't as if a gentleman in Chancery Lane wasn't inquiring a drab cape with a black velvet collar. You'll come along with me."

A light broke in upon me instantly. A beautiful organization of the police system, the rapidity with which that magnificent force obtained its news, filled me with a mingled sense of delight and awe. "They manage these matters better in London."

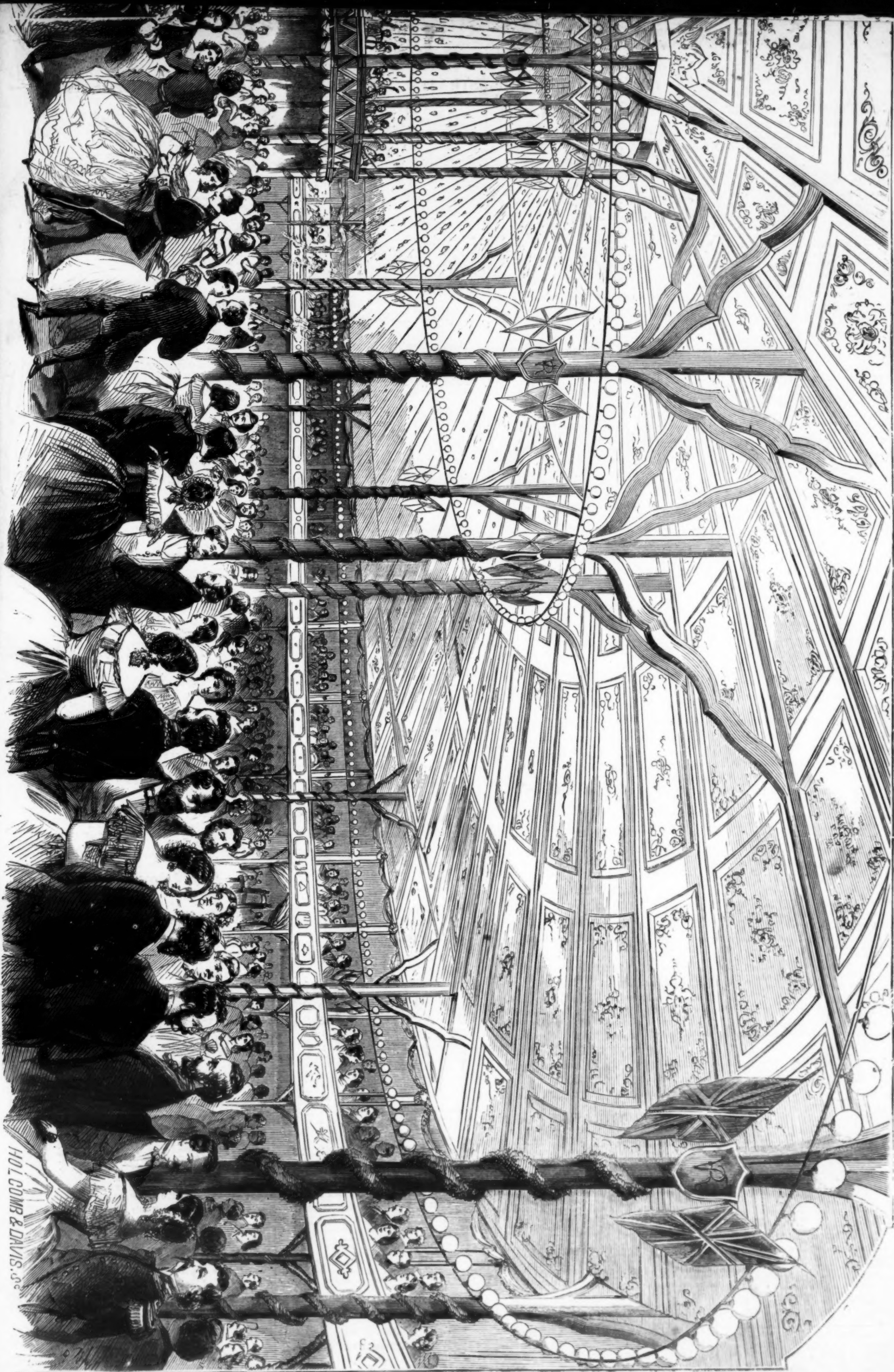
"Oh, I understand now! It's all right, policeman, I've got the cape."

"I caught the thief half an hour ago," slipped out of the cape and left it in my hands. I meant to give him change, only—only—he wouldn't stop.

"Well, that's a pretty story to tell," said the policeman, tightening his knuckles somewhat. "I couldn't make a better tale on it than that, I'd shut up and say so!"



THE GRAND BALL GIVEN BY THE MAYOR AND CITIZENS OF MONTREAL, MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE PRINCE OF WALES, MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

HOLCOMB & DAVIS, &c

MISSING MAN.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE,
413 Broome st., cor. of Elm,
N. Y., Aug. 21, 1860.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

Sir—Will you have the kindness to make a woodcut of this missing man, and publish a description of the same in your valuable paper? The wife of this man is very poor, and she wishes to use every means to find him, if possible.

DESCRIPTION: Cyrus Spencer, thirty-eight years of age, dark-brown hair and whiskers, dressed in white Marseilles vest, light pants, no coat, black Kossuth hat; has been insane for two years. Resides in Carroll, opposite Nevins street, South Brooklyn. Left his home on the 24th July, 1860. Any information respecting the above, to be sent to Inspector Carpenter, 413 Broome street, corner of Elm.

By complying with the above, you will much oblige,

Yours very respectfully,
DANIEL CARPENTER,
Inspector.

**JUST PUBLISHED,
JUST PUBLISHED,
JUST PUBLISHED,**

The Great Comic Paper of America,
The Great Comic Paper of America,
The Great Comic Paper of America,
The Great Comic Paper of America,
BEING NO. 25 OF

Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun,
Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun,
Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun,

Containing palatable Hits,

SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND NATIONAL.
SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND NATIONAL.
SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND NATIONAL.
SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND NATIONAL.

Among these are the

FAMOUS SWIM AT A FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE.
FAMOUS SWIM AT A FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE.
FAMOUS SWIM AT A FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE.

Between the Little Giant and Uncle Abe.
Between the Little Giant and Uncle Abe.
Between the Little Giant and Uncle Abe.
Between the Little Giant and Uncle Abe.

ALSO THE GRAND ROMANTIC HOUSE-OFFERING MANIA.
ALSO THE GRAND ROMANTIC HOUSE-OFFERING MANIA.
ALSO THE GRAND ROMANTIC HOUSE-OFFERING MANIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SPINGLER BEAUTIES.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SPINGLER BEAUTIES.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SPINGLER BEAUTIES.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SPINGLER BEAUTIES.

ALSO

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND NIAGARA.

TERRIBLE RESULTS OF SHOWING OFF BEFORE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ON A CIRCUS HORSE.

Budget Proverbs, or Sermons at Sight, and numerous other cuts at the times; besides Sixty-eight Pages of Humorous Literature, comprising

BROUGH'S GREAT ROMANCE OF MISS BROWN, &c.,
Mayhew's Immense Comical History of Courtship, or
THE FINEST GIRL IN BLOOMSBURY,

with Illustrations.

Also a fine Poem on the Present Age by John Brougham.
Published every fortnight at

19 CITY HALL SQUARE.



Liquid and Extract Triemer.

THE genuine English preparations, purely vegetable, and pleasant to the taste, prepared by J. T. BRON ON, M. D., Holborn, London. Liquid Triemer is guaranteed to effectually eradicate all traces of premature decay, spermatorrhoea, &c., restoring the functions of either young or old with an astonishing permanency. EXTRACT TRIEMER is warranted to cure in every case (for which mercury and sarsaparilla is used), infallibly eradicating all disease and impurities from the body. Price \$1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for \$5. Sent by Express to any part of the country. All orders must be addressed to DR. W. S. HOWELL, No. 149 Spring Street, New York City.

ROMAN EYE BALSM

FOR INFLAMED EYELIDS,

And for the cure of Scrofulous Humors and soreness surrounding or near the Eye. In all diseases of this character it is almost a certain cure.

Price 35 cts. per Jar.

Will be sent free per mail to any part of the United States upon receipt of 30 cents in postage stamps. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton St., corner of William, New York.

MORE POPULAR THAN EVER! ITS SALE UNPRECEDENTED

**LYON'S KATHAIRON
FOR THE HAIR**

a beyond question, the finest and most popular article ever made. Nothing has ever given such universal satisfaction. It restores the hair, preserves and beautifies it, and removes all dandruff, &c. If you do not use it, try it. Sold every-

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY NEWS,

A VERY LARGE EIGHT-PAGE PAPER

Filled with all that is interesting to the merchant, mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Tradesman and Lawyer.

Only \$1 a Year.

During the Presidential Campaign we will send at the following rates:

THREE MONTHS FOR.....25 CTS.
SIX MONTHS FOR.....50 CTS.
TWELVE MONTHS FOR.....\$1

Now, what Democrat will hesitate to risk 25 or 50 cents trial.

If you do not feel disposed to send a 25 cent piece or postage stamps in a letter, induce three of your neighbors to club with you and send \$1; but be sure to direct plainly,

W. DRAKE PARSONS,
No. 19 City Hall Square, New York.

We will send THE DAILY NEWS at the following rates during the Campaign:

THREE MONTHS.....\$1 50
SIX MONTHS.....3 00
ONE YEAR.....6 00

Address as above.

A Splendid Romance

ACROSS THE SEA;

OR,

SHE LOVED HIM FOR HIS WORTH.

Just commenced.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

OUR WEEKLY is rapidly gaining in circulation and influence, and we can only recommend it as one of the VERY BEST FAMILY READERS IN THE COUNTRY.

Those who have the interest of the good old

DEMOCRATIC CAUSE

at heart cannot better manifest their devotion to PRINCIPLE than by aiding to extend OUR WEEKLY'S area of usefulness.

Our Market Reports

ARE FULLER AND MORE CORRECT, and are up to the hour of publication.

Specimen copies sent to all who will favor us with names. Address as above.

W. DRAKE PARSONS,
19 City Hall Square,
New York.

WOULD YOU LAUGH?

WOULD YOU BE DEEPLY INTERESTED?
WOULD YOU LIKE CAPITAL ENGRAVINGS?

BUY THE

Vanity Fair Railroad Library.

Illustrated with Forty fine Engravings.

PRICE ONLY 10 CENTS.

Containing the following sketches by the most piquant Writers of the day.

THE STREET WALKER!

THE FLIRT!

THE SOUTHERN SAWBONES!

THE GOSSIP!

THE ROWDY!

THE UT DE POITRINE!

THE LITERARY GHOUL!

THE AMERICAN CENT!

THE CRITIC!

THE ANONYMOUS ANIMAL!

THE AMERICAN BUCK!

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN!

THE HOTEL WAITER!

To which is added a scathing, scaring, blistering, stinging, biting, scorching, pungent, racy, high flavored, sharp, piquant, spicy, high-seasoned, red-peppery, Worcester-saucy, palatable and altogether superbly-written

ACCOUNT OF YE COUNTER-JUMPER.

WOULD YOU BE POSTED ON LIFE GENERALLY?

WOULD YOU STUDY CHARACTER?

WOULD YOU SEE THE WORLD OF NEW YORK AS IT IS?

Then read THE VANITY FAIR RAILROAD AND STEAM-BOAT LIBRARY.

Price, actually, only Ten Cents. 250

HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS, ATTENTION!

How to catch Bear, Otter, sable, Wildcat, Mink, Foxes, &c., in large numbers without labor or expense. Those who know the great demand for these kind of furs will not regret having obtained this knowledge for a small pittance. This is not a humbug. Full instructions for One Dollar. Address UNION AGENCY, Providence, R. I. 250-51

BOXING GLOVES, \$4 a set; Foils, \$2; Masks, \$2; Fencing Gloves, \$2; Swords, \$5 per pair; Cricket Bats, \$2; Wickets, &c.; Guns, Cutlery, Glass, China, Musical Articles, Books, or ANYTHING YOU WANT SENT BY EXPRESS on receipt of price. Address THOS. B. HANER, General Purchasing Agent, Box 1136, Philadelphia, Pa. 250-51

Aug. Perrault's

GREAT REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE.

M. Perrault, of the city of Montreal, has the honor to inform the public of the United States that he is in possession of a remedy for the positive cure of Fever and Ague. M. Perrault will cure the Fever and Ague in less than 25 minutes. This remedy is given only once, and the patient, before twenty-four hours, is as well as if he never had Fever and Ague. This remedy is administered by himself, and the cure is guaranteed. M. Perrault will give to any doctors of America \$1,000 for every case of Fever and Ague

"TREFELIO."

WONDERFUL

Results!

More popular than ever. Everybody uses it. The true and only

BEAUTIFIER

OF THE

COMPLEXION.

Ask for "TREFELIO" and take none other. Sold by all respectable dealers at 50 cents a bottle.

Two Sample bottles sent on the receipt of One Dollar.

THELSON & CO., General Agents,

No. 48 Broadway, New York.

W. BOGLE, Boston. 250

The People's Great Book.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER

AND

COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS,

BY FRANK CROSBY,

OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

70,000 Purchasers. Indorsed by 70,000.

IT IS INDISPENSABLE to everybody of any business, profession or pursuit in life. It is entirely reliable, and easily understood, and although but a few months issued from the press, has received the unqualified approval of upwards of SEVENTY THOUSAND purchasers, who, one and all, pronounce it to be the best work of the kind ever published.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER

AND

COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS,

BY FRANK CROSBY,

OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

70,000 Purchasers. Indorsed by 70,000.

THE PRESS everywhere unite in recommending the work for its practical everyday usefulness and real value to everybody. They say it contains information that can nowhere else be procured in so useful a form, while the price is sufficiently cheap, in all conscience, for an amount of law that may keep one out of trouble for a lifetime. They advise Everybody to buy it.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER

AND

COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS,

BY FRANK CROSBY,

OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

70,000 Purchasers. Indorsed by 70,000.

IT CONTAINS forms adapted to almost every possible business contingency, accompanied by plain and simple instructions for their use, together with the Laws of all the States for Collection of Debts, Insolvency, Property Exempt from Execution, Statutes of Limitation, Landlord and Tenant, Master and Apprentice, Guardian and Ward, Mechanics' Liens, Procuring of Patents and Pensions, Rights of Married Women, Dower, Divorce, Execution of Bonds and Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER

AND

COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS,

BY FRANK CROSBY,

OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

70,000 Purchasers. Indorsed by 70,000.

BE SURE and get the genuine book, published only by John E. Potter, of Philadelphia. Old and imperfect works of a similar name, but much inferior character have been foisted upon the public in place of ours, and much dissatisfaction has been caused thereby. Give strict orders for Frank Crosby's book, and refuse all others, or what is better, send all orders direct to the publisher. You will then get the only correct LAW and FORM BOOK, that is equally adapted to all the States and universally popular.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER

AND

COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS,

BY FRANK CROSBY,

OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

70,000 Purchasers. Indorsed by 70,000.

AGENTS everywhere have found this the quickest selling work ever issued, as Everybody buys it, and the better it is known the greater the demand. Those who would make money fast, and give satisfaction to their customers, should send for terms at this and other popular works of ours, known as the "People's Books."

Single copies of "Everybody's Lawyer" forwarded to any address, postage paid, on receipt of \$1, or in law style, \$1 25. Address all orders to

JOHN E. POTTER,

Publisher, No. 617 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa. 250-53

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible.

THE First Volume of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE, neatly bound in cloth, will be ready early in September. Price \$2 50. The whole work will be complete in four Volumes, supplied only through AGENTS, one of whom is wanted for every district throughout the United States. Apply to CASSELL, PETER & GALPIN,

VALUABLE BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

FWLER & WELLS.

308 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Copies sent prepaid by mail on receipt of price.

EDUCATIONAL HAND-BOOK FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT: "How to Write," "How to Talk," "How to Behave," and "How to do Business." In one volume, complete. Price \$1 50.

THE HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA: A Complete System of Hydropathy and Hygiene. An illustrated work. By R. T. TRALL. One large Vol., with a copious index, substantially bound in library style, with nearly one thousand pages. Price \$3.

RURAL MANUALS. Comprising "The House," "The Farm," "The Garden," and "Domestic Animals." In one large volume. Price \$1 50.

HOW TO LIVE; SAVING AND WASTING; or, Domestic Economy Illustrated by the Life of Two Families of Opposite Character, in a pleasant tale of real life, full of useful lessons. By SOLON ROSS. Price 75 cents.

FRUIT CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; or, Hand-Book for the Cultivation and Management of Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Vines, &c. Illustrated with ninety Engravings. By THOMAS GREGG. Price 50 cents.

THE WORKS AND LECTURES OF HON. HORACE MANN in one large 12mo. volume, 650 pages, with a fine steel plate portrait of the author. Price \$1 50.

SWEDISH MOVEMENT CURE; embracing The History and Philosophy of this System of Medical Treatment, with examples of Single Movements, and directions for their use in various forms of Chronic Disease, forming a complete manual of exercises. By GEO. H. TAYLOR, M. D. Price \$1 25.

Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 BROADWAY, have all works on Physiology, Hydropathy, Phonography, Agriculture, Mechanics, and on the Natural Sciences. 250-51

WHY STAND YE THERE ALL THE DAY IDLE, when employment, both pleasant and profitable, may be had for the asking? Send for particulars to FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y. 250 53

THE READERS OF

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

Desiring to purchase any article in New York, no matter how trifling or costly, can have their orders promptly and faithfully fulfilled by addressing

JAMES W. FORTUNE,

Care of Frank Leslie, Esq.,
19 City Hall Square, N. Y.

In all cases the necessary funds should be inclosed in the communication.

Fifty Dollars per Week

MAY easily be earned by canvassing for subscribers to

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.

The first divisional Volume will contain upwards of 448 Pages and 309 Engravings. For terms apply to CASSELL, PETER & GALPIN, 37 Park Row, New York. 250

ESTABLISHED 1843.

BOGLE'S CELEBRATED HYPERION FLUID overtops everything as the greatest restorer and best dressing for the hair in the world. Ye who have been deceived by nostrums, try this and be convinced. It never fails. To be had at

W. BOGLE'S

Hairwork, Perfumery and Toilet Store,
202 Washington St., Boston, and for sale everywhere. aw

Thomas Andrews & Co., IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,

Nos. 136 AND 138 CEDAR STREET,

CHEMICAL WORKS, Nos. 46 & 54 Morgan St., Jersey City. "Excelsior Steam Mills," New York.

BR CARBONATE SODA, imported in 112 lb. kegs, or repacked in paper or boxes.

CREAM TARTAR, perfectly pure, in papers, boxes or barrels, or crystals.

EXCELSIOR YEAST POWDER, reliable and economical, the very best in use.

EXCELSIOR PURE DOUBLE REFINED, FAMILY AND SODA SALERATES, in all styles, as made at our Chemical Works.

NEWCASTLE SALT SODA, in casks, barrels or 125 lb. kegs, by the ton or by retail.

SODA ASH OF LIVERPOOL AND NEWCASTLE BRANDS, different grades and tests, for Glass and Soap Making.

PREPARED POTASH, in 6, 12 and 24 lb. tins, in cases, and in original barrels.

SOAP POWDER FOR WASHING, 36 and 60 papers in a box, full directions for use.

INDIGO, MADRAS, MANILLA and other qualities, neatly put up in boxes or in original cases.

WE ARE FIRST HANDS. ALL GOODS WARRANTED. ESTABLISHED THIRTEEN YEARS. 250

Holloway's Ointment

IS a magic balm for sore breasts, sore legs and old wounds, even those that have defied all other applications for a series of years. Thousands of certificates attest its almost miraculous doings in the hospitals both of the old and the new world. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all Druggists, at 25 cts., 50 cts. and \$1 per pot.

The Pistol of the Age.

WE now offer to the Public a new Ten Shot Revolver, weighing less than Colt's, and carrying twice the number of Balls. This Revolver is a first class weapon, shoots with the greatest precision, and is warranted in every respect. The attention of the trade is especially called to this new arm. Also "Wesson's" No. 1 Single Shot Vest Pocket Pistol, weighing but four ounces.

Call and examine, or send your orders by mail to

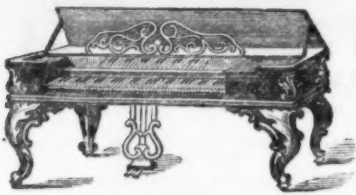
JOSEPH MERWIN,

Manufacturers' Agent for the Sale of all kinds of Guns, Pistols and Sporting Materials, 267 Broadway, New York. 250-53

\$1,000 a Year

HAS been made by experienced Agents, by the sale of our Publications. MORE AGENTS ARE WANTED, to whom liberal inducements are offered, and which will enable them to realize handsome returns for their labors.

A small capital of \$5 or \$6 only is required. For full particulars address the old established Publishing House of LEAHY, GIBB & CO.



PIANOFORTES.

JOHN B. DUNHAM,

MANUFACTURER OF THE OVERSTRUNG

**Celebrated Dunham Pianofortes,
GRAND AND SQUARE.**

MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS,

75 to 85 East Thirteenth Street, near Broadway,
New York.

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

Parties in the country wishing Instruments direct from
the Factory, can be suited by describing by letter the
quality of tone and touch desired.

Purchasers may rely upon the excellence of these in-
struments. They are warranted for Five years, and prices
are moderate.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

THE JAPANESE PRINCES AND DUNHAM'S PIANOFORTES.—We
notice in the principal apartment one of John B. Dun-
ham's magnificent grand Pianos, with all the modern
improvements, over string base, &c. The Princes will have
frequent opportunities of listening to the grand tones of
this superb instrument. One of John B. Dunham's fine
square Pianos was sent to Japan in 1859 we think—for we
noticed the fact at the time—as we believed that it was the
first Piano of American manufacture ever seen in that land
of mystery and exclusiveness. Our manufacture was
noblely represented by that instrument, for no more sterling
Piano was ever manufactured. So John B. Dunham has a
sort of trade relationship with the Japanese Embassy.—
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 23, 1860.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery CURES SCROFULA.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Erysipelas.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Canker.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Nursing Sore Mouth.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Humor of the Eyes.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Scald Head.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Running of the Ears.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures "Gerated Sore Legs."
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures "Leprosy."
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Rheumatism.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Salt Rheum.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Dyspepsia.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Bowels.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Kidneys.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Liver.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Dropsy.
When you are sick, and do not know what the matter is,
perhaps you have an inward humor. Try Kennedy's Medi-
cal Discovery. For sale by all Druggists.

Pianofortes.



A. H. GALE & CO.,
MANUFACTORY AND WAREHOUSES,
107 East Twelfth Street, N. Y.

THE TOILET.

Ladies! Ladies! Ladies!

NOW IS THE TIME TO USE

TREFELIO,

OF WORLD-WIDE CELEBRITY FOR

BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.
Particularly adapted to warm climates. A few drops
poured in the water for Bathing or Washing is deliciously
refreshing and exhilarating, giving the Skin Freshness,
Smoothness, Elasticity, Softness, Brilliance and Purity—
Cooling and Invigorating—renders the flesh firm and of an
alabaster richness of Beauty; removes all Eruptions. Im-
mensely popular among the Ladies.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

IS GUARANTEED.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

CARY, HOWARD, SANGER & CO., NORTH, SHERMAN &
CO., LAZEL, MARSH & GARDINER, SCHIEF-
FEIN, BRO & CO., McKE-SON &
ROBBINS,
Wholesale, New York

TILESTON & CO., General Agents, 48 Broadway.

Sample bottle sent on receipt of fifty cents in postage
stamps.

J. THOMPSON'S

Transparent and Fancy Soaps.

D. TAYLOR & CO.,

Corner of Greenwich and Reade Sts., New York.

245-57

**IMPORTANT INVENTION FOR MARRIED
PEOPLE.**—For particulars address, enclosing
stamp, DR. H. HIRSHFIELD, Surgeon and Accoucher
438 Broadway, New York. 245-55

Handsome Women.

HUNT'S "BLOOM OF ROSES," a rich and
elegant color for the cheeks or lips. It will
not wash or rub off, and when once applied remains
durable for years. The tint is so rich and natural that the
closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Can be removed by
lemon juice, and will not injure the skin. This is a new
preparation, used by the celebrated Court Beauties of Lon-
don and Paris. Mailed free, in bottles, with directions for
use, for \$1.

HUNT'S "COURT TOILET POWDER" imparts a dazzling
whiteness to the complexion, soft, delicate and natural—
unlike anything else used for this purpose, and WILL NOT
RUB OFF. Mailed free for 50 cents in postage stamps.
Can be obtained only of HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 707 San-
som street, Philadelphia. Agents wanted. 245-73

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH as fast as
you can pull them out, and no humbug. Sent
for \$1.
Address Union Agency, Providence, R. I. 243-51

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

359

BROADWAY, N. Y.

359

G. L. & J. B. KELTY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WINDOW SHADES,

AND IMPORTERS OF

Lace and Muslin Curtains,

MUSLIN BORDERS, NOTTINGHAM LACE, BROCATS,

SATIN DE LAINES, COTTON, WORSTED AND SATIN

DAMASKS, REPS, PLUSHES, LASTINGS, POP-

LINS, COTELINES, TERRY CLOTH, &c.

Buff, White, Blue and Green Scotch Hollands,

CORNICES, BANDS, PINS, LOOPS, CORDS, TAS-ELS, GIMPS, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

359

Broadway, N. Y.

359

G. L. & J. B. KELTY.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY Ointment will force them to grow heavily in
six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without
stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post
free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York

LOOK!—The "Chinese Art," and four other
new and useful arts for Catching all kinds of
Fish as fast as you can pick them up, sent for 30 cts.
It is no humbug. Address "Agent," Box 18, North
Stratford, N. H. 247-50

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND GYMNASIUM, YONKERS, N. Y.

Summer Session commenced on the 2d day of May

TERMS:

Board and Tuition.....\$150 per Session.

For Circulars and particular information, apply to

M. N. WISEWELL, Principal.

Yonkers, 1866. 000

\$500 in Money and Value

At the disposal of Francis Irvine, otherwise
McAnnally, aged thirty-nine years, and who
emigrated to New York in the year 1837 with his mother.
When last heard from he was a seaman on board the U. S.
frigate on the coast of France, in 1844. The above will
refer also to his brother, John McAnnally, who, when he
last wrote to Ireland, wrote from 212 Church St., New York
His age is thirty-four years, and left Dunganon, Ireland,
in 1836. Application to be made to the Postmaster of Dun-
gannon, County Tyrone, Ireland. 249-50
P. O., Dunganon, Ireland, July, 1866.

Photochromatic Oil Paintings.

AGENTS WANTED to introduce this beautiful
art. Young men are making over \$50 a month
in this business. Terms and specimens sent free by ad-
dressing, with stamp for return postage.
249-52 L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

40 PAGES OF MEDICAL INFORMATION
GRATIS.—Quack nostrums and secrets ex-
posed by Dr. JAMES ASHTON. Write to Box 887, or call
at 243 Grand St., New York. 249-50

FINKLE & LYON'S

SEWING MACHINES.

Our Machines took the highest medal at the Fair
the American Institute, with the highest premium for the
Sewing Machine work.
They also took the highest premiums at the New Jersey
State Fair, at the Mechanics' Fair, Utica, N. Y., the Frank-
lin Institute, and so generally wherever exhibited.
Late office 605 Broadway,
REMOVED TO 538 BROADWAY. 000

Sporting in the Country.

GENTLEMEN SPENDING THE SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

Can while away many a pleasant hour by taking with
them a

MAYNARD RIFLE AND SHOT GUN,

which can be packed in a twenty-inch valise, weighs only
six pounds, is fired with metal cartridges, and consequently
there is no dirt from loading or firing, and shoots with
incredible force; or a set of

CRICKET IMPLEMENTS,

put up in a compact form; or

BASE BALLS AND CLUBS.

Fireworks,

of the best makers, at retail, by

W. J. SYMS & BRO.,

239-51

300 Broadway

REMOVAL.



**PHILAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLE
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.**

PATENTED FEB. 16, 1856 OCT. 23, 1856; DEC.
1857; JAN. 12, 1858 NOV. 18, 1858;
MARCH 29, 1859

For sale by the manufacturers,
PHILAN & COLLENDER,
68, 66, 67 and 69 Crosby Street,
last of 61 and 55 Ann Street,
MICHAEL PHILAN,
Nos. 786 and 788 Broadway New York.

300 AGENTS WANTED!—\$4 to \$8 per day
can be made, and no humbug. For the
very best chance ever offered address M. M. SANDORN,
Brasher Falls, N. Y. 249-50

THE BEST BOOKS IN MARKET.

Hints towards Physical Perfection;

OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN BEAUTY; showing How to
Acquire and Retain Bodily Symmetry, Health and Vigor;
Secure Long Life, and Avoid the Infirmitie and Deformities
of Age. An original and deeply interesting work, replete
with wonderful facts, and presenting many novel applica-
tions of the highest truths of physiology, hygiene, mental
science, and aesthetics to human improvement. It com-
mends itself to all for whom health, beauty and long life
have any attractions, and especially to woman, whether as
a wife and mother, or as a maiden. Illustrated with more
than twenty plates and numerous woodcuts. Price \$1.

"It should be on every young person's book-shelf."

Hand-Books for Home Improvement;

Embracing HOW TO WRITE, HOW TO TALK, HOW TO BEHAVE,
and HOW TO DO BUSINESS, bound in one large, handsome,
gilt volume. A library of Useful Knowledge in a single
volume. Price \$1 50.

"Worth ten times its price to any one."

New Rural Manuals;

Embracing THE HORSE, THE GARDEN, THE FARM, and DO-
MESTIC ANIMALS, bound in one large, handsome, gilt volume.
JURGE MEIGS, Secretary of the American Institute and its
Farmers' Club, says, "It comprises a good little library,
very handy, and useful to everybody as well as farmers and
gardeners, and I will recommend it heartily." Price,
\$1 50.

The Right Word in the Right Place;

A POCKET DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS, T. CHEMICAL TERMS, AB-
REVIATIONS, FOREIGN PHRASES, &c., &c., with a Chapter on
Punctuation and Proof-reading. This will be an indispen-
sable companion for every writer and speaker who would
say exactly what he means, and neither more nor less, and
say it in the best way. Price, 50 cents.
Full Catalogues on application.
249-50 FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

For Sale Cheap,

A FINE Brown Stone Front House, with all the
modern improvements, situated on corner of
one of the up-town streets and avenues.
Also forty acres of land romantically situated in West-
chester County.
Inquire at the office of this paper.

AYER'S

AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever,
Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Headache,
and Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole class of Diseases
originating in Bilious Derangement, caused by the malaria
of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of
the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fe-
ver and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a per-
fect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with
assurance, founded on proof, that no harm can arise from
its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must
be of immense service to the communities where it pre-
valds. Prevention is better than cure. For the patient
escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of
this baleful destroyer. This CURE expels the miasmatic
poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents
the development of the disease, if taken on the first
approach of its premonitory symptoms. It is not only the
best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of com-
plaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply
for a dollar brings it within the reach of everybody;
and in bilious districts, where fever and ague prevail,
everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure
and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over
any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure
of Intermittents is that it contains no Quinine or mineral,
consequently it produces no quinsism or other injurious
effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it
are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is no alone the con- sequence of the mias-
matic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its
irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout,
Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma,
Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain
in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis and Derangement of the
Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put
on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This CURE
expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures
them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold
by all Druggists, everywhere. 249-51

Superior Pianofortes.

ERNEST GABLER, MANUFACTURER
OF PIANOFORTES (with or without
action) 129 East Twenty-Second St.,
between Second and Third Aves., New York.
Dealers and others are respectfully invited to call and ex-
amine my very superior instruments, made with full iron
frame and warranted equal to any in the market for strength
and beauty of finish, sweetness and power of tone. My
instruments are warranted for three years, and I guarantee
to sell at lower prices than any respectable manufacturer in
this city.
ERNEST GABLER,
129 East Twenty-Second Street, New York.

A. LANGE, PICTURE AND LOOKING-GLASS FRAMES

AND

CORNICES FOR ROOMS,

MADE TO ORDER, AND REGILDING DONE.

206 William St., cor. Frankfort, New York.

50 WAYS of Making Money, and a Gift of
Jewellery, sent for \$1.
249-50 D. A. WILLIAMS, Lowell, Mass.

A Card to the Ladies

DR. ANDERSON, No. 71 Bleeker St., begs to
call the attention of the Ladies to his Medi-
cines. They never fail. Advice gratis. All communi-
cations promptly attended to, and medicine sent to all parts
of the Union on receipt of \$1. 246-58

RARE OPPORTUNITY.

ISAAC HALE, Jr., & Co., Newburyport, Mass.,
Will employ Males and Females to act as local or traveling
Agents. Those now in their employ average from \$30 to
\$80 per month. We cannot, in this advertisement, particu-
larize the business, but we will in a circular (free of cost),
to all who address us upon the subject. This is a rare
opportunity for those out of employment to obtain an hon-
orable situation. 000

**MATRIMONY MADE EASY; Or, How to
Win a Lover.**—Containing plain common
sense directions, showing how all may be suitably married,
irrespective of age, sex or position, whether prepossessing
or otherwise. This is a new work, and the secret, when
acted upon, secures a speedy and happy marriage to either
sex. Mailed free for 25 cents in cash or postage stamps.
Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia,
Post Office Box 2300. 248-50

BEAUTY WITHOUT PAIN.

NO MORE ROUGE! NO MORE PINK SAFETY!

What a Lovely Girl that is!—Oh, she
uses DR. BOWELL'S BEAUTIFIER, which re-
moves all Pimples, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan,
Who couldn't have a beautiful complexion, who
has 50 cents to send for a box. By mail, 50 cents.
His HAIR ERADICATOR, for removing super-
fluous hair from a lady's lip, chin, neck, armpits,
&c., has no equal. Price One Dollar per Bottle.
His permanent and positive CURE FOR SPER-
MATORRHEA has never failed.

THE RULES OF MARRIAGE, one volume, 24
pages, 32 mo. Price in cloth, 25 cents.
This is decidedly the most fascinating, inter-
esting, and really useful and practical work on
Courtship, Matrimony, and the Duties and Re-
sponsibilities of Married Life that has ever been issued
from the American Press.

All Dr. BOWELL'S articles are sent by mail,

free of postage.

All orders must be addressed to

DR. F. W. BOWELL,

No. 4 Beekman Street, New York

For sale by

P. L. TADMAN & CO., No. 81 Beekman Street

(four doors west of Broadway).

Mrs. HAYS, No. 175 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

AND ALL DRUGGISTS.

247-40

Billiard Balls.

A FINE assortment of Ivory Billiard Balls of
first quality, at reduced prices. Also Patent
Compressed Ivory of fine quality, all sizes, 25 per set;
2 inch baguette, \$6 per set; Fifteen Ball Pool, 1/4 inch,
\$20; 2 1/2 inch, \$25 per set. If a ball breaks at any time
by fair play I make it good without extra charge. Manu-
factured and for sale by WM. M. WELLING,
246-57 416 Broome, corner Elm St., N. Y.

BOAR'S HEAD SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON.



Superior to any ever im-
ported in Strength, Smooth-
ness and Elasticity, for
MACHINE OR HAND
SEWING.

Warranted 200 Yards.
Certificates from some of
the best judges in the United
States.

"We have tried Evans &
Co's Boar's Head Sewing
Machine Cottons, and find
them excellent."
"WHEELER & WILSON
MFG CO., 505 Broadway."

C. CARVILLE, Sole Agent, 186 Fulton street.
Retail J. DALRYMPLE, 341 Broadway 000

"ALL PLEASE SOUND."

FATHER KEMP'S

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT TUNES.

As sung by the original "OLD FOLKS' COMPANY"
under his management at over Nine Hundred Concerts
throughout the United States. Price 25 cents, on receipt
of which copies will be sent by mail, postpaid. Published by
OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington St., Boston.

WOOD, EDDY & CO.'S

LOTTERIES!

AUTHORIZED BY THE STATES OF

DELAWARE, MISSOURI AND KENTUCKY

Draw daily, in public, under the superintendence of Sworn
Commissioners.

57 The Managers' Offices are located at Wilmington
Delaware, and St. Louis, Missouri

PRIZES VARY FROM

\$250 TO \$100,000!

TICKETS FROM \$3.50 TO \$30.

58 Circulars giving full explanation of the Schemes to
be drawn will be sent, free of expense, by addressing

WOOD, EDDY & CO., Wilmington, Delaware

OR

WOOD EDDY & CO., St. Louis, Missouri.

THE ELECTROTYPING OF LESLIE'S ILLUS-
TRATED NEWSPAPER is done by FILMES
& Co., 17 Dutch Street.



GEO. G. EVANS'S PHILADELPHIA

GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT,
THE

Largest in the World!

PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT

439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Sixth Year of the Enterprise.

CARD.

Having purchased the spacious Iron Building, No. 439 Chestnut Street, and fitted it up with every convenience to facilitate my business, particularly that branch devoted to COUNTRY ORDERS; and having a larger capital than any other party invested in the business, I am now prepared to offer greater advantages and better gifts than ever to my customers.

I will furnish any Book (of a moral character) published in the United States, the regular retail price of which is One Dollar or upwards, and give a present worth from 50 cents to \$100 with each book, and forward them by mail or express to all parts of the United States and Canada.

G. G. EVANS.

IF YOU WANT BOOKS OF ANY KIND SEND TO

GEO. G. EVANS,

RELIABLE GIFT-BOOK ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 439 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA.

Where all books are sold at the Publishers' lowest prices, and

HANDSOME PRESENTS,

Consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Parlor Time Pieces, Silk Dress Patterns, Silver Plated Ware, Gold Neck, Watch and Guard Chains; Splendid Sets of Etruscan, Lava, Mosaic, Florentine Coral, Garnet, Turquoise, Enamelled, Jet and Fancy engraved Jewellery, Gold Locketts, Pens, Pencils, Breastpins, Farrings, Bracelets, Armlets, Necklaces, Bosom Bands, Pin-ve Buttons, &c., &c. Silver Plated Table and Teaspoons, and Knives and Forks. Ladies' and Gents' Portmanteaus and Pocketbooks, Pen Knives and a variety of valuable, useful and ornamental Gifts.

Worth from 50 Cents to \$100,
ARE GIVEN WITH EACH BOOK.

Over 2,000 Gold and Silver Watches

AND

\$500,000 Worth of Jewellery.

Have been given to purchasers of Books during the past year, and over

6,000,000 Citizens of the United States
Have received substantial evidence of the benefits derived by purchasing Books at this establishment.

YOU CAN GET BOOKS IN EVERY
DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.

And remember that you pay no more than would be charged at any other book store, and you have the advantage of receiving an elegant Present, which oftentimes is worth a hundred fold more than the amount paid for the book.

Send for a Classified Catalogue of Books,
Which will be mailed gratis to any address in the States or Canada.

Order any Book that you may want, remit the retail price, together with the amount required for postage, and one trial will assure you that the best place in the country to purchase books is at

THE HEADQUARTERS OF

GEO. G. EVANS,

PROPRIETOR OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST
GIFT-BOOK ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT

No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED,

To whom greater inducements than ever are offered.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE, which contains all the desired information relative to Agencies and the formation of Clubs; and to insure prompt and honorable dealings address all orders to

GEO. G. EVANS,

No. 439 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.



Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Glassware, &c.

Wholesale Depot, No. 48 Cedar Street, New York.

Address

HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
Box No. 3,600, New York.

Put up for Dealers in cases containing four, eight and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph Sheet-Card accompanying each case.

MISSING MAN.



CYRUS SPENCER, MISSING FROM BROOKLYN, N. Y. SINCE JULY 24TH, 1860.—SEE PAGE 252.

\$100 PER MONTH made by any active person, with the cheapest and best tools in the market. Before purchasing elsewhere don't fail to send for my latest circular and sample, which are all FREE. Address

250-510

D. L. MILLIKEN, Brandon, Vt.

Important Notice.

YOU CAN OBTAIN FROM GEORGE WEBB, 404 Vine Street, Philadelphia, any book you may particularly wish, or any article not convenient to be procured in city or town where you reside. Send for catalogue which will contain particulars. Address

GEORGE WEBB, Purchasing Agent,
Successor to Davis & Co., 404 Vine Street, Philadelphia
729-500



Patented November 1st, 1859.



BALLOU'S

Patent Improved French Yoke Shirts,

A NEW STYLE OF SHIRT WARRANTED TO FIT Sent by EXPRESS to any part of the United States, upon receipt, per mail, of the following measures, which will insure a perfect fit, for \$12, \$15, \$18 and \$24 per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a dozen Shirts:

1. Neck, A—the distance around it.
2. Yoke, B to B.
3. Sleeve, C to C.
4. Breast, D to D—distance around the body under the armpits.
5. Length of Shirt, E to E.

By sending the above measures we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of the IMPROVED FRENCH YOKE SHIRT.

Also Importers and Dealers in Men's Furnishings; Goods
BALLOU BROTHERS,
400 Broadway, N. Y.

WHOLESALE TRADE SUPPLIED ON THE USUAL TERMS.

Notice to Advertisers.

THE only Daily Paper published at the Canadian Seat of Government is the QUEBEC MORNING CHRONICLE. It is taken in almost every family in Quebec, and circulates largely in Eastern Canada and New Brunswick. Twenty thousand strangers are expected on the visit of the Prince. Advertisers will find the CHRONICLE an excellent medium. Daily Chronicle, \$5 per annum, in advance; Weekly Chronicle, \$40 do. Terms for Advertising made known on application.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES are certainly unrivalled. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Office, 505 Broadway, New York.

The Singer Sewing Machines.

IN order to place THE BEST FAMILY MACHINES IN THE WORLD within the reach of all, we have reduced our LETTER A, or TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINES, beautifully ornamented, to \$50.

Singer's No. 1 and 2 Standard Shuttle Machines, both of very general application and capacity, and popular both in the family and manufactory. Prices reduced, respectively from \$135 and \$150 to \$90 and \$100.

Singer's No. 3 Standard Shuttle Machine, For Carriage-makers and heavy leather work. Price, complete, \$125.

Also, to complete the list, an ENTIRELY NEW ARTICLE, unequalled for manufacturing purposes; NONELER, RAPID, and capable of every kind of work! Price (including iron stand and drawers), \$110—cheaper at that in view of its value than the machines of any other make, or as a gift. 0000 L. M. SINGER & CO., 465 Broadway



We assert, and any one can test the matter, that our OLD HOLLAND GIN, bottled by us, especially for medicinal and family use, is far superior, in every respect, to any other Gin ever before offered to the public. One trial will convince you that old and pure liquor can still be procured. GREENE & GLADSTONE, No. 62 Cortlandt St., New York, Sole Importers. To be had of the principal Druggists, by the case or bottle, throughout the States and Canada. 242-540

STEINWAY & SONS'



Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured. Each instrument warranted for five years. Warehouses, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, near Broadway, N. Y. 0000

A BOOK FOR SPORTSMEN!

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

THE WILD SPORTS OF INDIA,

With Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses.

By Captain Henry Shakespeare.

One Volume; muslin. 75 cents. A work full of interest and adventure. Sold by all Booksellers, or sent, postpaid, by the Publishers on receipt of price.

135 Washington St., Boston. 2500

PREMATURE DECAY—ITS CAUSE AND CURE—By a Former Sufferer. Containing also an exposure of Quacks. Inclosing stamp, address, in perfect confidence, box 3191, Boston, Mass. 246-50



FRENCH'S

CELEBRATED CONICAL

Washing Machine,

UNEQUALLED AND INDISPENSABLE!

PRICE ONLY TEN DOLLARS.

Depot No. 419 Broadway,

corner of Canal St.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Address: Box No. 2,803

Post Office, New York City.

P. & R. FRENCH.

J. R. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS INHALED, its healing balsamic odors are brought in direct contact with the lining membranes of the

THROAT, BRONCHIAL TUBES AND ALL THE AIR CELLS OF THE LUNGS.

Relieving at once any pain or oppression, and healing any irritation or inflammation.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS TAKEN UPON FOOD, it forms an unequalled, soothing and healing syrup for Coughs and all Throat Diseases.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS APPLIED, its magnetic or concentrated curative powers render it a most speedy and efficient

PAIN ANNIHILATOR.

Olive Tar is not Sticky—Does not Discolor.

Fifty Cents a bottle, at No. 442 Broadway, New York, and by all Druggists.

J. R. STAFFORD'S

Iron and Sulphur Powders.

Are a soluble preparation of iron and sulphur, identical with that existing in the blood of a perfectly healthy person. Uniting with the digested food,

THEY REVITALIZE AND PURIFY THE BLOOD, THEY IMPART ENERGY TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, THEY INNOVATE THE LIFE, THEY STRENGTHEN THE DIGESTION, THEY REGULATE THE SECRETIONS OF THE BODY, AND ARE A SPECIFIC FOR ALL KINDS OF FEMALE WEAKNESSES.

Price \$1 a Package, at No. 442 Broadway, New York, and all Druggists.

A PAMPHLET containing Testimonials from the following and many other well-known prominent persons will be sent to any address, free by mail:

GEO. LAW, Esq., Fifth Av., New York.
SIMON DRAHER, Esq., Banker, New York.
THURLOW WEED, Esq., Albany, N. Y.
GEN. DUFF GREEN, Washington, D. C.
COLONEL SAMUEL COLT, Hartford, Conn.
COL. CHAR. MAY, U. S. A.
REV. JOSEPH LEAVITT, Ed. Independent, N. York.
REV. EDWARD BRIGHT, Ed. Examiner, N. York.
REV. D. W. CROWE, Act., Am. Bible Union, N. Y.
REV. O. F. A. SPENCING, Butterwits, N. Y.
REV. DR. LEONARD, Exeter, N. H.

SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

Thorley's Food for Horses and Cattle.

A SAVING of \$1 50 per week in the keep of a Horse. An increase of six quarts of rich milk daily per Cow, and corresponding profits on Sheep and Hogs. Write for a pamphlet to Depot, 21 Broadway, N. Y. Agents wanted 247-56



This Delicious Tonic Stimulant,

especially designed for the use of the MEDICAL PROFESSION and the FAMILY, possesses all of those intrinsic medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic), which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all Druggists, Grocers, &c. A. M. BININGER & CO., (Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS, 245-570 No. 19 Broad St., N. Y.

Ladd, Webster & Co.'s

IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH SEWING MACHINES, 500 Broadway, New York. 0000

Smith and Wesson's Seven-Shooter.



J. W. STORRS, Agent,

131 Chamber Street, N. Y.

THIS PISTOL is light, has great force, is sure fire, shoots accurately, can be left loaded any length of time without injury, is not liable to get out of order, is safe to carry. Every Pistol warranted

CAUTION TO DEALERS.

Be sure and get those stamped "Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Mass." no others genuine. All cartridge revolvers that load at the breech are infringements. Suits are commenced, and all such infringements will be prosecuted. Be sure the cartridges have Smith & Wesson's signature on each end of the box. 247-720

Dr. J. Hostetter's Bitters.

THESE Bitters are universally acknowledged to be a sure preventive and cure for Fever and Ague, Flatulence, Heaviness of the Stomach, or any other like affection. Their effect upon the system is most miraculous; they give a healthy tone to the system, remove all morbid matter, and in fact thoroughly cleanse the system of all impurities. The proprietors, in presenting this preparation to the public, assure them that in no single case, when it has been used according to their directions, has it been known to fail, but, on the contrary, new virtues have been found in its use. To those afflicted with any of the above ills of the body, the Bitters are offered as a speedy and certain cure. Try them and form your own opinion. For sale by Druggists and dealers generally everywhere.

Tiffany & Co.,

LAYS

TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS,
Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware
Brooches, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury
No. 360 Broadway, New York.
HOURS 10 P.M. TIFFANY, REED & CO.